

The Industrial Pioneer

June

*An Illustrated
Labor Magazine*



What's Behind Tea-Pot Dome? Is Industry Slowing Down?

The Rise of
President Crowley

The Building Boom

Stinnes
Industrial Kaiser

Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World



THE working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

Big Scale Organization

THIS is the day of organization on a big scale.

We live in a society in which big organization rules.

Industry is organized on a big scale. So are the trusts. So also are the financiers. And they rule all.

The workers alone are not organized on this gigantic scale.

The vast majority of the workers are not organized at all. Those that are organized are practically disorganized into crafts, castes, and impotent little groups.

How long, workers, is this to endure?

While we remain unorganized and disorganized, our tasks are greatly increased and our hours are lengthened.

Our output grows, while our death and accident rates leap out of all proportion to our wages.

We become, together with our women and children, mere automats paced by machines.

We own not even our jobs. Operating the capital of others for their profit alone, we are mere trespassers upon their property and can be dismissed and driven off the premises when our status of wage earners for the hour or day is ended.

We are ignoble indeed!

Let us, oh, workers! resolve to change it all.

Let us resolve to organize on a scale in keeping with the big business which we alone make possible and which oppresses us.

Let us organize in big industry as we work therein, on a big, interlocking scale.

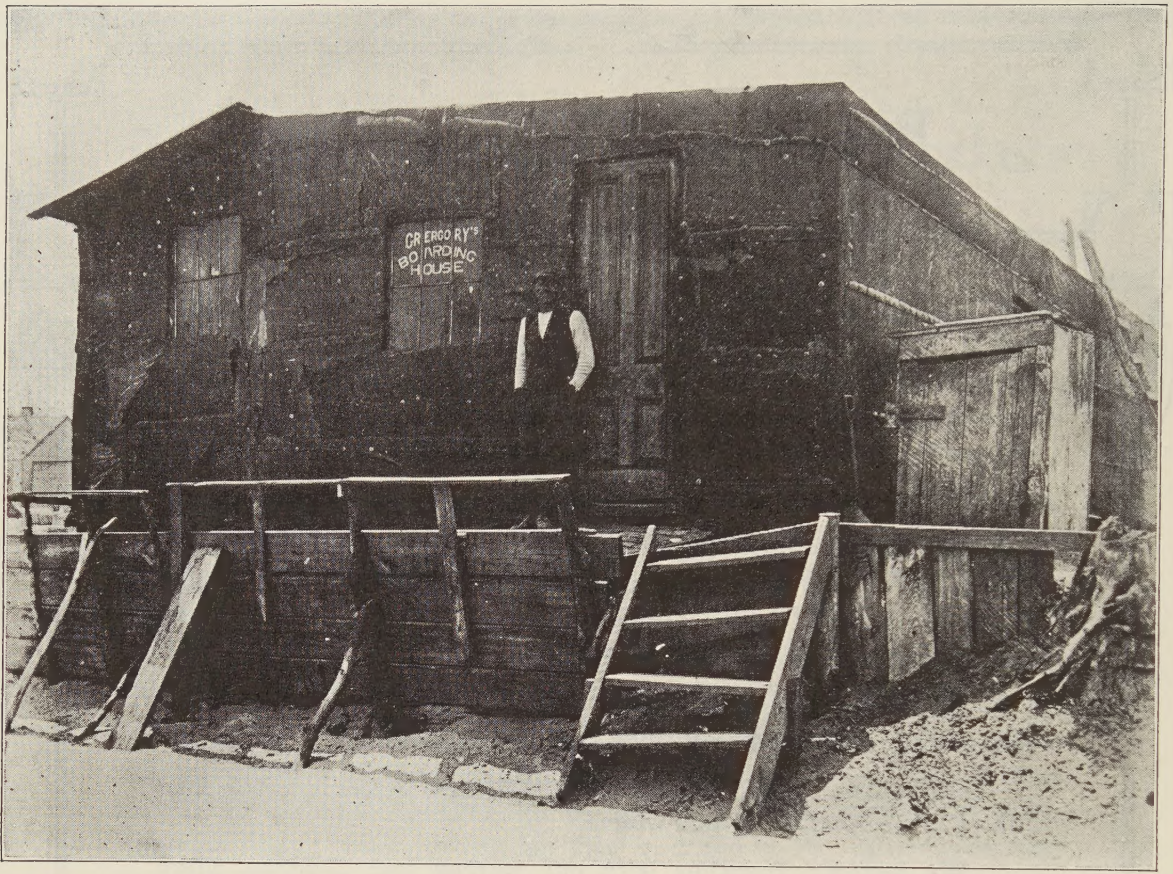
Then can we improve our conditions and abolish the wages system that degrades us.

Through big organization we can solve big problems.

Through big organization we can build the big, new society of the future.

Let us have done with little organization.

On to big scale unionism; and big scale victory!



The
Workers'
Hell



The
Capitalists'
Heaven

Illustrating "From Hell of Wage Slavery to Industrial Heaven," Page 21.

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No. 2.

The Political Earthquakes

What Is Behind the Teapot Dome and other Investigations? Is it a Sincere Desire at Political Reformation or a Conflict of Gigantic Interests?

What Part Does Henry Ford, the Water Power Trust, the Standard Oil Company and the House of Morgan Play in Them?

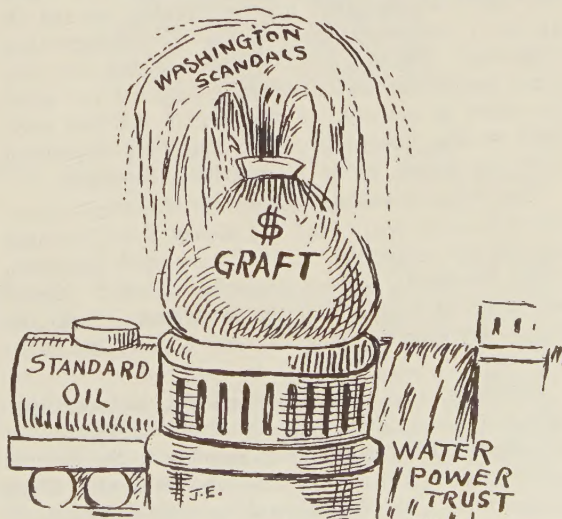
A Review of Developments that Throw Light on the Federal Scandal from Various New Angles.

By NEIL GORDON

The political life of the nation is being rocked as it was never rocked before. On the eve of the great presidential nominating conventions, the Credit Mobiler scandals of the days of General Grant are being surpassed in the exposés attending the Veterans' Bureau, Teapot Dome, and other investigations. A veritable volcano is in eruption at Washington, D. C., accompanied by a federal earthquake whose successive shocks have resulted in the overthrow of strong political personages and the cracking of more than one party alliance and the undoing of more than one party slate. And the end is not yet; for the coming elections will also be marked with fissures directly traceable to this destructive upheaval and quake!

What does it all mean? Is it merely a case of "playing politics"? Is it simply a result of party or factional differences in "our" political life? Or is it the outward manifestation of some gigantic conflict going on behind the scenes in the economic life of the country? Surely, the impotent Democratic party has not, of itself, strength or life enough left to challenge the dominant plutocratic Republican party, with its alliance with the big economic factors involved in the various federal investigations? What's "the nigger in the woodpile," anyway?

The Falls, Denbys, Roosevelts, Daughertys, etc., are big political personalities, with strong economic backing, that gives stiffness to their spinal columns and inches to their own individual and collective statures. The Dohenys, Sinclairs, Mitsuis, etc., are representative of vast corporate interests, that are either separately or jointly immense factors in all



THE POWERS BEHIND THE ERUPTIONS

phases of modern life, with widespread and extensive ramifications to boot.

In order to attack these political personages and corporate interests successfully some other element than Democratic party decadence is necessary. This element must be, basically, a power that transcends all others in its immensity and scope; a power that can grasp and utilize a situation in which a weaker, punier force would break down and go to pieces. What is this element? What is this power behind the political turmoil? What is this inherent volcanic force that causes the cracks and fissures in the political structure of the country?

Some there are who will contend that what is being exhibited at Washington is the logical sequel of war-time graft. "It's merely a case of thieves falling out." Others contend that this is the resultant, the climax, as it were, of capitalist development, along corrupt lines—the uncontrollable outburst of illegitimate tendencies in modern economic life.

But none of these contenders seem to recall that, as in the case of Daugherty, for instance, some of these matters had already been investigated, white-washed, and declared closed incidents. Why these sudden reopenings, these savage outbursts, these damning investigations again, then?

Of course, there is no definite telling what the real cause of this new turn of affairs is. There is no positive evidence going to show the underlying cause of it all. But certain things have happened that it might be well to recall and consider in this connection.

The French, in cases of crime, have a guiding principle, "Look for the woman," as they believe sex is at the bottom of criminality. And we say, in cases of corruption, look for the economic interests, as we believe big business is at the bottom of crookedness.

Let's begin, then, with President Calvin Coolidge; let's begin with his campaign for re-election but a few short months ago; how everything seemed in his favor and he, apparently, had an unobstructed walk-over! And now his chances of success are very much imperilled, as he is being exposed for what he really is, namely, an undesirable political accident, as was Roosevelt before him, only, compared with the latter, he is mediocrity personified.

Yes, "Cautious Cal," apparently, once had everything his own way. Had not Henry Ford, his only formidable opponent, visited him and declared, "The President is good enough for me"? Could anything be better than this withdrawal from the race; this elimination of a rival of the first magnitude?

Following this visit, the President declared himself in favor of giving Muscle Shoals to the generous Henry, for a mere song, payable to the federal government. Then the volcano broke anew! Then began the quakes that have since rocked the nation. Ever since "Cautious Cal" has had his administra-

tion torn to pieces, and his chances of re-election are in jeopardy, indeed!

Now, let's take another tack in this review. There appears on the scene, besides the Falls, Denbys, Roosevelts, Daughertys, Dohenys, Sinclairs, and Fords, one Frank Vanderlip. Whom does he represent? What's his part in this eruption?

To hear him tell it, Vanderlip is merely a disinterested citizen, intent on preserving the fair reputation of the great American republic, via the purification of its federal politics.

Of course, as the boys in the street would say, "that's all bull." Vanderlip is so closely allied with the Morgan-Standard Oil industro-financiers in the control of this country, as to make disinterested political action on his part impossible.

To put it mildly, at the present time, Vanderlip appears to be playing the leading villain in this political drama. According to his own language, he's standing with his own private secret service behind Senator Wheeler. Apparently, he's preparing the shot that Senator Wheeler fires.

Having taken a look at Vanderlip, let's turn back to Doheny and Sinclair once more. They are, at times, friendly to Standard Oil interests; at other times, they are at war with them. Where possible, they unite; and where impossible, they compete. This is usual with capitalist groups. It looks as if Doheny and Sinclair had beaten the SO in California, interfered with its Mexican invasion, and, in the case of Sinclair, got the best of it in Russia and Persia.

Can it be that SO is behind the political downfall of both Doheny and Sinclair, not to mention Denby and Daugherty? Can it be that SO is trying to create a situation in which they will be forced to surrender to it, both at home and abroad? We don't know. We only know that such a course is not unusual among capitalist factions. We also know that SO is, together with the Morgan group, the biggest economic, financial and political factor in this country. And what, besides this gigantic combination, is likely to be behind this terrific political upheaval? The appointment of Stone, a Morgan man, to succeed Daugherty, lends force to this conclusion.

Next consider Henry Ford. Thanks to his vast industrial and selling organization, he is one of the greatest political powers in this country. Also one of the greatest economic powers. His increasing ascendancy imperils the domination of both the Republican and Democratic parties, as his possible candidacy illustrated. It also imperils the Morgan control of water power in this country as Muscle Shoals demonstrates. Ford is, further, encroaching on Morgan territory in the manufacture of agricultural machinery; and he is also threatening SO with gasoline competition. Finally, he is at war with the Morgan-SO financial domination of the country. From all of which it must be obvious that those who stand with him must array them-

(Continued on page 20)

Quoth The Raven Evermore, "Yes, We Have No Bananas, But We Have Opportunities Galore"

Wherein Is Exposed the Great Significance of the Rise of Mr. P. E. Crowley from Section Hand to the President of the New York Central R. R.

By A RAIL FILLOSOFER

This is the day of Opportunity! The way that opportunities for advancement to power and greatness abound and are lying 'round loose for the workers of this country to grab is at once the delight of this great and glorious republic and the wonder of an awe-stricken world.

"Every day in every way" "we see by the papers" "the unlimited opportunities for achievement" besetting, obstructing and colliding with "the humblest toiler in the land." Go where he will, he can neither evade, side-track nor dodge the summons that Opportunity is serving on him like a subpoena-server in a Senate Teapot Dome investigation.

So we pause to marvel at Opportunity as she is, while our capacious chest expands with all the capabilities of real chestiness, and our strong, robust heart palpitates with a transcending joy over the tremendous unfoldment of individuality and personality which it implies; so much so, that we are threatened with acute cardiac troubles and rendered liable to become a liability upon our life insurance company, instead of an asset, as heretofore.

Yes, so persistent is Opportunity that it is killing us and increasing the death-rate of the insurance societies.

Consider first our great political opportunities open to all, regardless of sex, color, or previous condition of servitude. Every four or eight years, if the present incumbent runs again, tens upon tens of millions of voters have each an opportunity to become a great President of the United States, as great as President Coolidge, for instance. Sure there are movements afoot seeking to extend the President's term of office, but even at that, who would deny that it is not possible for political opportunity to be more widespread? We repeat who would deny? Echo answers, "who would deny?"

Ah, but our opportunities are not all political. Something even greater than the Presidency lies in wait for us. Like a villain on a dark night, bound to "croak" us, there stands Opportunity ready to make oil kaisers, steel trust princes, financial rajahs, coal barons and lumber lords out of us; not to mention their bigger brothers, the telephone King Tuts and the waterpower monarchs, whose name is not Mud but Morgan and Ford.

All these are said, in certain quarters, to be more powerful than the political rulers of the land, controlling them as the showman controls his marionettes—all these does Opportunity lie in wait to force on us; in fact, says we must be; and believe us, Opportunity is a real George Washington, it never, no never, tells a lie, nor do liars ever speak for it.

Yes, so great is Opportunity for every woman and child in the spheres of economics, finance and transportation, that it may be said "without fear of successful contradiction" that Opportunity was never so opportune as it is at present!



INTRODUCING MR. CROWLEY
Who Secured a Presidency After a Half-Century
of Toil—Such is Opportunity.

There's Henry Ford, for instance. Gaze upon Henry! Look at his billions, present and prospective; and then take a glance at his 157,500 employees. They do not bulk very large in comparison. Yet everyone of them has an opportunity to become Henry and have as many billions as he has. Yes, Opportunity makes it possible for each and every one of them to head a giant personally owned corporation that puts the U. S. mint in the shade as a money maker. Could anything be simpler?

It will not do to say, with the pessimists, that



157,000 Fords are impossible! Nothing is impossible in this country! This country is a marvelous country whose marvels are inexhaustible. And the least of these is a Henry Ford in every Ford employe.

Nor will it do to say, with the pestiferous socialists, that, under the present industrial system, there must be armies of workers to make the few Fords possible by their co-operative manual and mental labor and their exploitation for capitalist profit. Such doctrine is treason to the state and destructive of the family; it also undermines religion, resulting in the end, in a denial of God and the extinction of humanity!

No! let us hug Opportunity, not as a fond delusion, but as a great reality rendered greater still by ideality, imagination and determination; especially a determination not to hear anything said against it. Opportunity is the sheet anchor of the present system; and with it we either sink or swim, survive or perish. And if we don't stick together with Opportunity, we'll all hang separately.

In this spirit, let us next consider P. E. Crowley, who rose from a lowly section hand to the presidency of the great New York Central Railroad. Starting at 14 years of age, Mr. Crowley, at the age of sixty, stands on the heights of railroad pre-eminence. From a poor boy, after a half-century of toil, he has become one of the highest salaried railroad officials in the world! Could anything prove more sublime and inspiring? And to what is it due, if not to Opportunity that comes to every man, woman and child, once every half-century?

Think it over! The financial interests in control of transportation must get their managerial and executive ability from the workers in their employ. Without the intelligence and the ability of the workers capitalism is impossible! And so the dominant capitalist interests must draw on the armies of Crowleys, or workers, whom they hire and fire as wage-earners and salaried subordinates. They must, through decades of development, cultivate the good personal and technical qualities of these Crowleys and otherwise prime them for their future important positions. They must, further, rely on their multiplication and increase in

every way, for the more Crowleys there are, the more the supply exceeds the demand, the lower the wages and salaries will be. And so they make the most of Opportunity. They exploit it, dilate on it, glorify it, and make a fetish of it, if not a God, possessed of the miraculous powers of transformation of all the Gods. And so we have Opportunity galore. Opportunity to the right of us, Opportunity to the left of us, volleys and thunders, while all the world wonders.

Of course, there are those who will say that Mr. Crowley is only one out of 175,000 employees of the New York Central and that to talk Opportunity to the other 174,999 is to talk remote and meagre possibilities, indeed! There are others who will say that Mr. Crowley's attainments, after a half-century of unremitting effort, are neither inspiring nor conclusive. Then there are still others, who quote pernicious agitators like Scott Nearing, who, taking 1914 census figures, shows that out of 1,710,296 employes in the railroad industry, 5,750 are general officers, 11,153 other officers and 87,106 clerks; thus demonstrating that the general and minor officers and clerks number only 10 in one thousand or one per cent; so that Opportunity is only a one to 99 shot in the gamble of economic life. It will not do, we repeat, to give heed to these dissenters and agitators, with their statistics!

On the contrary, let us assert, despite such assertions and statistics that Opportunity exists for all! Let us assert it continuously and vociferously, until we all believe it, and, believing it, become immune to the doctrines of industrial unionists and revolutionists who fain would undermine our fair republic by denying to us our traditional beliefs and humbugs.

Rather than face conditions as they are, let us hug fond delusions to our bosoms, so that our employers may set us to compete for the place above us that only one in a thousand can get, thereby enriching them to the utmost, while keeping ourselves poor indeed, through our failure to organize our intelligence and ability as we should, namely, in our own interests as railroad employees and members of the working class.

The Late Hugo Stinnes; Germany's Real Kaiser

Dominated Its Government and Life through His Industries—Debased Currency Enabled Him to Oust Middle Class and Impoverish Labor to His Own Enrichment—Capitalism's Finest and Rottenest Fruit—His American Counterparts.

AN ESTIMATE AND COMPARISON

By ALOIS SENNEFELDER, JR.

The death of Hugo Stinnes in Germany, during the month of April, was an event that students of contemporaneous industry and history can ill afford to overlook.

Stinnes was the personification of giant industry—of modern capitalism; and a study of his personality and power is a study of its basic principles, tendencies and results. As such, intelligent workmen will find much in his career to ponder over and apply to their own class interests.

Hugo Stinnes was Germany's industrial Kaiser. In its attending details, his death was reflective of his great power. Its approach created panicky conditions on the German stock exchange. And the populace paused in their daily activities to inquire, with bated breath, about the progress of his illness and to speculate as to the probable effect of his end on the nation at large. So great was the general interest in the outcome that even the Daves report on reparations was overshadowed for the time being.

And when he died, Hugo Stinnes' funeral was attended with great pomp and circumstance. Prominent men in all walks of life were present. Leading cabinet officials, ministers of finance and industry, were there, as were workmen's bands and representatives. All joined in doing the final honors to Stinnes' remains—honors in keeping with his predominant power.

In Hamburg, where his overseas shipping and export interests bulked large in commercial life, even the bells of the leading churches tolled during Stinnes' funeral.

Hugo Stinnes boasted that he had never seen the Kaiser in all his life and that he would never go out of his way to look at him. He had no need to do so. He was Germany's real Kaiser; its real ruler. The controlling figure in 120 corporations capitalized at 10,000,000,000 gold marks and branching out into every important industry and country, he controlled the economic and financial basis of Germany's internal and external political life and so became the greatest power in Germany, if not in all Europe, as well.

As becomes the dominant capitalist power, jealous of its strength and authority and brooking no other rule than its own, Hugo Stinnes hated the lingering remnants of the old feudal aristocracy; though he was not adverse to using their reactionary movements whenever the safety and promotion of his own private interests required it.

Stinnes' personal wealth is said to have been enormous. It was believed to be so great that even he himself knew not its exact extent. He himself declared that he was so wealthy that he could buy any man in Europe without missing the purchase price. Apparently, he entered the market often, and instead of diminishing his wealth, only added to it, through the many purchases thus made.

Apropos of Stinnes' great wealth, one who knew him well, said of him, "Stinnes is not so much a billionaire as a juggler of billions." Which is only possible, as his career proves, with one favorably situated. Beggars or proletarians are never so

fixed as to be able to juggle anything more than plugged nickels. Shoe-string financiers have no place in the big capitalism of the day; especially in Germany, with its many bankrupting changes.

Stinnes' vast industrial enterprises embraced oil, mining, shipping and newspaper holdings. He owned 60 leading newspapers, through which he moulded opinion in a manner favorable to his own



Hugo, the First, Industrial Kaiser of Germany.

interests. In addition, he owned outright a score or more of the largest hotels in Berlin, Hamburg, and Bremen. With his friend, August Thyssen, and a few others, he shared control of the iron and coal industry in Germany and occupied a dominant position in the entire inland navigation of that country. He was also interested in many financial institutions and banks.

So great was Stinnes' control of Germany's industry, trade and commerce that at one time he was on the high road of becoming the country's political dictator as well as its economic one. This was during the days of Germany's political crises and the rise of Mussolini, when dictatorships for and by capitalist reaction were all the rage. But Stinnes denies ever having had such aspirations. Perhaps, he thought it unnecessary, for, as it was, he was Germany's private political factor, controlling the German People's Party, and so manipulating his economic affairs as to make politics his most humble and submissive servant, indeed.

This was especially seen in his influence in the Ebert government, which was largely dependent on his policies and support, and which was officially and conspicuously represented at his funeral, as already noted.

It was his manipulation of politics by way of economic pressure that caused Hugo Stinnes to be called Germany's malevolent genius. It was Stinnes

who led the German industrialists in their negotiations with their French counterparts and government; negotiations that made the industrialists' interests paramount to the interests of the great mass of Germany's population.

In this connection Stinnes has been accused of indirectly causing the assassination of Walter Rathenau. Rathenau was the founder of the General Electric Company of Germany and one of Stinnes' most formidable rivals. He wanted Germans to pay French reparations in raw material; while Stinnes wanted payments in gold: Stinnes controlled the gold, and wanted the German railways. When Rathenau seemed victorious, he was stricken down by the assassin's bullet. This gave a clear field to Stinnes. He added concern to concern and invested in Austria, Hungary, Italy, Russia, Argentine, the United States—everywhere.

Between Rathenau and Stinnes there existed the difference between an idealist and a realist. Rathenau sought to bring about a rejuvenation of Germany on policies of reapproachment with France; while Stinnes saw in Germany's imperialism and defeat the realization of his own ambitions as a super-capitalist and profiteer.

Certain it is that Stinnes profited most by paying off obligations with debased money which finally became valueless and in which debasement he was a great factor. No less an authority than the editor of the Chicago Tribune charges the industrialists with having gutted Germany by means of worthless currency. This reduced wages and killed off small business; thus making greater world-competition and industrial concentration on the part of Stinnes possible.

Stinnes himself is reported to have favored a German cataclysm as a means of squeezing out the middle class and impoverishing the working class, thereby entrenching giant capitalism and creating a great supply of cheap labor, to the competitive advantage of Germany's industrial magnates, among whom there was none greater than himself.

Stinnes also urged longer hours and more output as a means of Germany's salvation. This would enrich himself and his class, as more hours and more production would not only pay reparations but net them greater profits in addition. Not one pfennig should these bloated industrialists pay, even though labor languish and the nation starve. Let the charity and generosity of the world look out for the latter, while they (the industrialists) reaped profit and prosperity galore. Capitalist property, Stinnes' property first, even though the nations fall—such is the slogan of big capitalism in Germany,—as exemplified by Stinnes and his class.

Hugo Stinnes, as befitted his world-wide economic interests, was an international capitalist, as well as Germany's industrial Kaiser. He flitted from Berlin to Paris; and from Paris to London; and once it was reported that he was coming to Wall St., in search of more capital and affiliations. He had interests, as already indicated, in Austria, Hungary, Poland, Russia, and Argentine, as well as in France



"The Laughing Mandolin Player"

The classical painting for which the chain restaurant owner, J. R. Thompson, paid 250,000 dollars. The laugh must be on Thompson's employees, whose low wages make such high art prices possible.



OUT OF WORK

This bit of Russian sculpture depicts the effects of unemployment. Thoughtful, self-respecting workmen become enervated and demoralized during its prevalence. At present, there is considerable unemployment in this country.

and Germany. He was an international Colossus,—a great imperialist—with whom England had to reckon and even American capitalists dealt with profit. In brief, Hugo Stinnes was the German representative of the small group of industro-financiers who are gradually dominating the world, while its varied populations quarrel with one another over fancied and promoted national differences.

Stinnes was inordinately proud of his possessions. He grew irascible when anyone doubted the size of his fortune. He had no hobbies, excepting novelties and toys. Art, literature, music, the stage, nature—none of these appealed to him. His business was his sole appeal and activity. He was what we Americans would call “a money-making machine” and nothing more. His main pride was to show the size of his “roll” and to dilate upon it ad nauseam.

Aside from this, Stinnes’ main joy was his family. He made its members his co-workers, partners and advisers. His wife, sons and daughters were informed of his affairs and included in their participation, down to the minutest detail. In this, Stinnes, as modern as he was, was simply continuing the old German patriarchal family; wherein every member was subject to the head, while bound to it by filial ties.

When Stinnes died, his fortune was left to his widow. She is admonished to consult her sons and daughters in all things affecting the magnate’s private and business affairs. To his eldest son went the direction of the properties in the Ruhr and the Rhineland, while the younger son will oversee the family’s interests at the headquarters in Berlin and care for the shipping and foreign properties.

Stinnes, in a statement made a few years ago, compared his methods with those of the super-capitalists of this country. According to this statement he had two great principles. The first was the working jointly of all the industries under his control. He did not agree with the founders of the great trusts in this country that every industry is independent of the other. They are bound together. He began, for instance, with coal as the foundation of his industrial undertakings. Then he went into the metal industry; then into the

building industry; bought ships for inland and oceanic traffic to transport his coal. On the other hand, he went into the soft coal business, then took up forestry and paper-making before going into the newspaper game. So intermingling his activities, he built up his career to gain the highest profit with the smallest cost.

Stinnes’ second principle was to work together with the general union of workers. His electric works on the Rhine are partly owned by the employees. Stinnes declares that he lived for months with the workers in order to understand their problems. He professed himself desirous of interesting himself in the problems of the workers in order to better their condition.

Thus we have a picture of Stinnes as painted by himself. Viewed in the light of contemporaneous events, it is not a pleasing picture. As painted by Americans particularly, Stinnes is a sinister figure. He was a “grab-all”; consolidating everything for himself primarily. Yet he was the essence of all capitalism, wherever found. In its essence, capitalism extols private gain and property at the expense of social welfare and progress. What Stinnes has done in Germany is daily being done here. Do not “our” Rockefellers create wheat, oil, and other corners in order to extort unprecedented profits? Do they not make of imperialism and war the means and occasion for vast enrichment and greater reactionary entrenchment at social expense? Do they not use the Federal Reserve and gold systems to deflate and bankrupt the farmers and make greater industrial concentration possible? Have they not bought up the press, corrupted politics and moulded religion even to their own advantage? Are they not reaching, with grasping hands, to the small countries in South America and Central America? Are they not international in their exploitation and domination; threatening Japan here, Russia there, and China over yonder?

Finally, like Stinnes, they, too, hire and fire millions of employees, who, by their co-operative, collective mental and manual labor make possible their great industrial enterprises and successes the world over; and whom they too, rule and ruin in

undemocratic, Kaiserliche fashion when their interests so demand, which is, generally, most of the time.

Stinnes' statement of principles would seem to make American capitalism inferior to his own. But this is only apparently so. Fundamentally, there is no great difference between them. It is true, as Stinnes states in the exposition of his first principle, that American trusts are organized according to industry. Nevertheless, they are bound together and made one, through interlocking directors, U. S. Chambers of Commerce, and other devices and institutions. Some of these trusts are also, like his own, organized from the bottom up. The U. S. Steel Corporation (the Steel Trust), for instance, is almost complete in itself. It has its own mines, blast furnaces, mills, ships, railroads, banks, construction companies, selling and export agencies, etc.; in brief, everything from raw supplies to consumer. The Standard Oil is similarly built in the oil industry.

Then there is Henry Ford. He refutes Stinnes' arbitrary classification best because he resembles Stinnes most. Ford began with an improved, cheap auto. All its parts were made by outside companies. Gradually Ford began to make these parts himself. At the same time, he began to acquire his own sources of supply, until now he has his own mines, forests, glass works, tanneries, power works, blast furnaces, railroads, foundries, assembling plants, ships, railroads, banks, newspapers, etc. And he is going abroad, extending his operations to seven different countries besides his own; while looming large as the competitor and opponent of organized capitalism.

Then consider Henry Ford, the political dictator. The man who, through his widespread manufacturing and selling organization, boomed himself into a presidential candidacy that imperilled the two leading parties and enabled him to cause the Coolidge administration to accept his Muscle Shoals offer as the price of his withdrawal. Therein Henry, like Hugo, considered his own private gains first, while leaving the so-called public to go hang! Could Stinnes have done worse to society and politics? We doubt it!

Henry Ford, however, differs from Stinnes in the application of the latter's second principle. Ford does not believe in workers' unions. According to Ford, labor unions are the creation of Jewish bankers, organized to ruin industry and to thereby enable the aforesaid bankers to secure control of it. Of course, this doctrine of the origin of unions is absurd; it's refuted by history. Nevertheless, it accounts for much of Ford's bitter antagonism to labor organization. He will not tolerate it.

Nor does Ford permit his employees to participate in the ownership of his many properties. Even employees' stock ownership is unknown in his many industries.

What is herein said of Ford's anti-unionism is also true of all the big trusts not controlled by him. The Steel, Tobacco, Oil, Sugar, Shipping, Insurance,

Financial, and other big combinations of capital, are anti-union and open shop. They assail labor organization by every means and in every way possible. Labor espionage, the blacklist, frame-up, and a thousand and one other devices are employed by them to exterminate labor unionism of every kind, no matter what it may be, whether craft or industrial in form or character.

It is only in the building trades, coal mining, railroading, shoe-manufacturing, and a few other industries that big capitalism allows unionism under conservative and national civic federation auspices. Some of them also permit stock ownership; and otherwise keep their employees bound to the capitalist system.

From all of the foregoing it would appear as if Stinnes, in his treatment of the workers, was wiser and more liberal than his American counterparts. But it must not be forgotten that Stinnes' attitude was one of dominant paternalism. Compared with his own ownership and power that of his employees was insignificant indeed. Further, co-operation with the workers in Germany was a capitalist necessity,—a means to the development of capitalist policy, to the greater gain of capitalism and the undoing of the entire German nation in its interests. All this is obvious in the results to the German workers. Of what avail was Stinnes' recognition of their unions in view of his power to gut and ruin Germany to his own greater entrenchment and profit? This recognition merely makes more certain the workers' own ruin and destruction! Out on such liberation and generosity! We have much of it in this country, too. Beware of it.

Then we have Stinnes' love for his family and his will in behalf of his widow and children. How lovely; how charming!! Surely, despite his exaltation of private gain above social welfare, this proves Stinnes to have been a blessing to mankind! Are "our" capitalists, with their frequent divorces and "love nests," as devoted and as filial, as was Stinnes? As upholders of the monogamous family, how do they compare with him?

Of course, this is an old trick! The man who destroys the organism of the many for that of the few, is always a hero, especially to those who believe most vociferously in "the greatest good to the greatest number." Every tyrant "points with pride" to his love of family while he wades up to his knees in the blood of humanity! Kaiser Wilhelm loved his family, too. Should we worship him therefore, any less than we'd worship Kaiser Stinnes? Henry Ford loves his family, too. Every big member of the American plunderbund loves his family likewise. In fact, they all leave their wealth to their families; so that this country groans under the exploitation of what one authority, viz., Henry Klein, calls, very appropriately, "dynastic wealth."—the wealth of the Astor, Gould, Vanderbilt, Armour, McCormick, Rockefeller, Morgan, Ford, and other families of plutocrats.

(Continued on page 28.)

Is Industry Slowing Down?

Or Is It on the Gain, Producing More than Ever Before, with the Consequent Result that Thousands of Workers Are Being Laid Off, Only to Compete with those Employed?—The Facts as Gleaned from Record Outputs by the Great Steel Corporations.

By FRED W. BOWERMAN

The present condition in industry—the growing number of workers who are being laid off at this plant and that—remind me of the revolving pulley and the fly.

It was a hot afternoon in July in a small machine shop located in southern Indiana. We had just finished with the noon hour lunch period and bits of food which lay about on the floor at our feet, had drawn in through the open windows a large number of flies, who buzzed from crumb to crumb.

To one side, on the testing block, stood an oat-crushing machine, with its newly painted pulley. A slap of the hand or a wave from the newspaper and the flies would scatter in all directions and the freshly-painted pulley drew its share. Upon this they alighted and seemingly enjoyed its flavor as well as any other food substance.

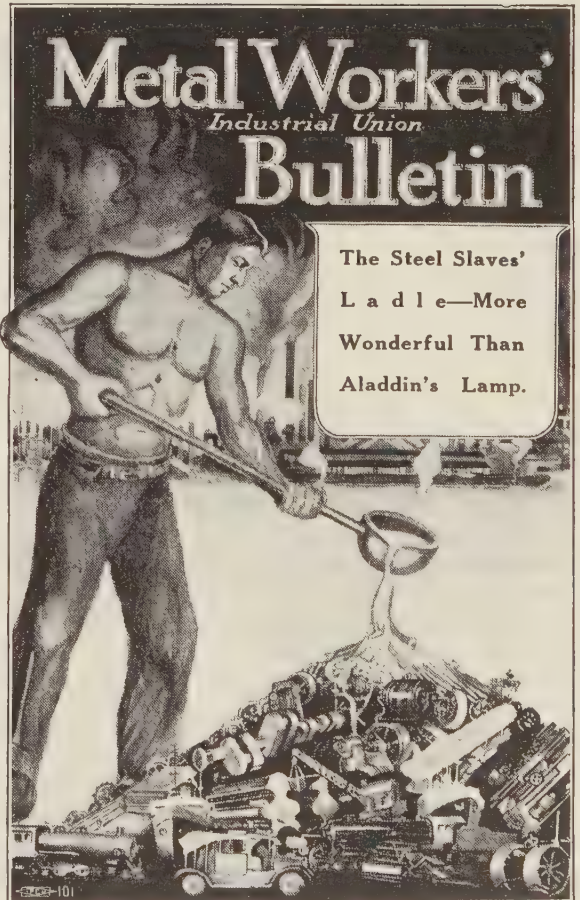
The old sweeper, in charge of starting the power, usually started the main line shaft about five minutes of starting time, so all would be in readiness when the whistle blew. With the turning over of the big drive wheel in the engine room the oat-crusher on the testing block would start rolling and its pulley begin moving around, slowly at first but faster and faster with each revolution.

Those flies would hang onto that pulley eating the paint, as they turned around through space, as if nothing had happened. But with the increase of speed, the centrifugal force would throw fly after fly to one side, until not one remained.

The flies on that pulley reminded me of the industrial situation that confronts us today. Workers are asking, "Why am I getting laid off?" when the boss hands them the pink slip. "Didn't I produce enough?" is the question of another. "I always worked hard and here the company lays me off," is the comment of a third. "Why—we produced more in our department than ever before, and now they let us all go," is the expression of others.

When the wheels of industry turned slow, it seemed there was always room for another man; but as the wheels of industry were speeded up, fewer and fewer of us were needed at the bench and the machine. We workers are like the flies on the revolving pulley. When it turns over slowly we can hang on. But as the speed increases, more and more of us lose our hold and slip off into the great army of job hunters or what might be properly termed, food hunters. We, like the fly, are being slung off into space with the increase in speed of the pulleys in the shop, mill and factory.

That is happening right now in the great manufacturing establishments of the country. The wheels of industry are being speeded up, faster and ever faster. The papers say "industry is slowing down." Nothing is farther from the truth. Industry is on the gain. More production is the order of the day. The mills are turning out more tonnage. The auto factories more cars. Every machine shop more parts. What is happening is that production has



New Cover Design

been increased and with this increase fewer workers are needed on the job. They are being laid off in large numbers as a result of the hurry-up policies the companies have introduced and carried out. Yes—as far as the workers are concerned it might appear that industry is slow, because they are looking for new jobs, but the output in all lines for 1924 will no doubt surpass that of 1923.

For instance, the workers at the Indiana Steel Company broke all production records for January. And then in March they broke the January record by producing 320,000 tons of ingots, which was an increase over the January record of 48,000 tons. The workers in the billet mill, not to be outdone, also broke the record in January and then increased production in March by producing 120,000 tons, which was 22,000 tons greater than January. Yes, industry is **not** slowing down.

In Lackawanna the steel workers in the Bethlehem like their boss so well that they also broke production records during April and the General Manager, Mr. Timothy Burns, took sixty of the pace-setters over to the Hotel Buffalo for a feed. I suppose they called him "Tim" that night and he spoke to them as "my boys."

The auto industry makes like reports of record-smashing production. And machine shops from the manufacture of typewriters to farm machinery also follow suit. The owners of these shops, mills and factories look at them like the gamblers at the race tracks view the horses. Only here, on these inside race tracks the workers are supposed to do the racing and seem to be doing a pretty good job of it.

What is the effect of this increase in production? Well—it affects the boss this way: The faster the workers go—that is, the more speed he can get—the less pay envelopes there will be, because fewer workers will be needed, and the less pay envelopes there are to be filled the more profits he can ring up. Speed and profits, profits and speed, 'tis a fine game for the boss. But the effect upon the workers is entirely different. The workers who keep these wheels of industry going faster and faster soon find this department and that reducing its force. As fast as they get laid off they enter the army of job hunters, because, with the present wages, saving money is something to wish for instead of carry out.

A year back the Metal Workers' Industrial Union No. 440 of the Industrial Workers of the World issued a leaflet, which dealt with this job question and at that time a warning was issued, that if the shorter day was not installed in the steel mills and auto factories, and the production per day per man reduced, the time would soon arrive when we would all be looking for a new job. It was a case of "Don't work yourself out of work." At that time the steel workers and others in the metal industry were urged to organize for the shorter workday to offset the increased production and the general lay-off that was sure to follow.

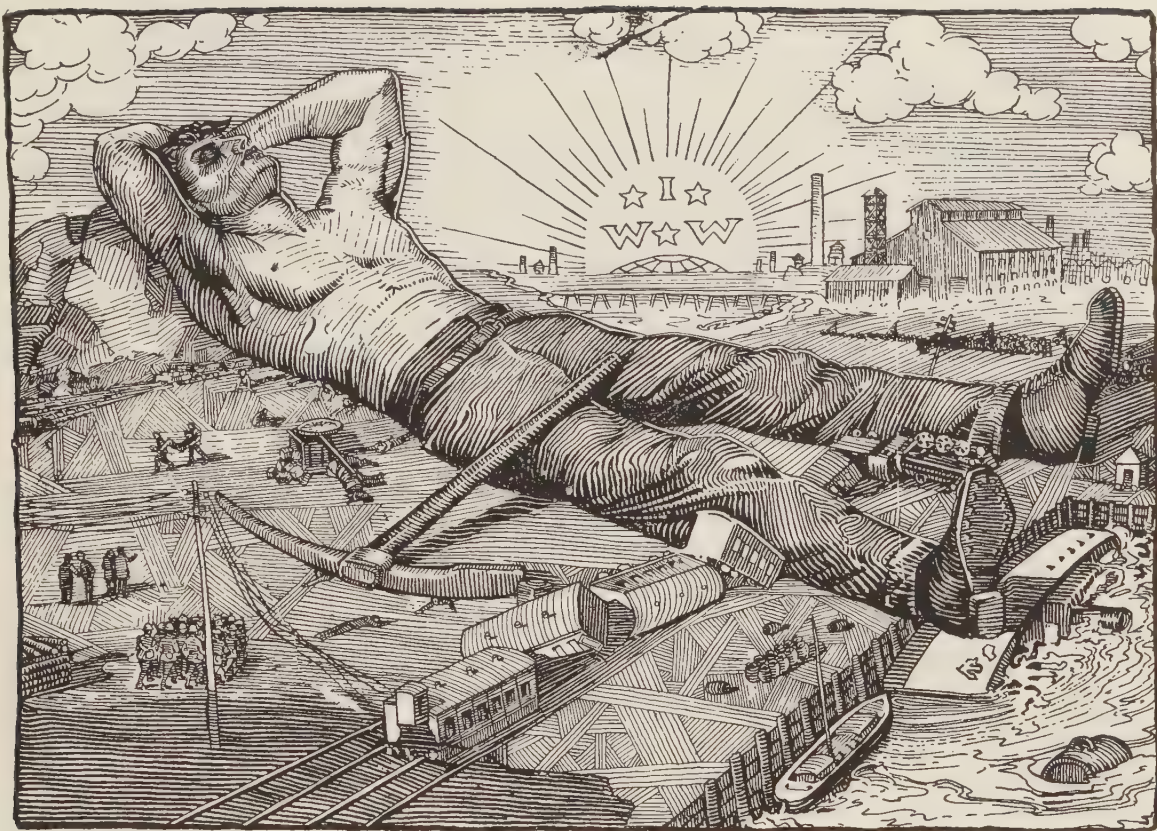
Now the time has arrived when metal workers are paying the price of overproduction. Plant after plant is reducing its force. The Studebaker plant at South Bend cut its force by two-thirds. Other auto plants and machine shops are doing the same thing. The steel mills are also laying off men. Furnace after furnace is being blown out. Fires are being banked, and it looks like there will be plenty of labor on hand to install the eight-hour day in the steel mills, if that is worrying Mr. Gary. But it isn't; because the steel mill kings and auto plant owners and the rest of that crowd want just such a situation. They want plenty of unemployed labor on the market looking for a job and starved to the point where they will take any job under any condition. Increased production means a big labor supply. Plenty of men looking for jobs at the mill gates means cheap labor. Low wages and long hours mean greater profits and that is what they are in business for.

You, as a worker, are either helping these owners of industry in their game of breaking labor, or you are helping to stop them. There is but one way to effectively stop them. That way is to organize. The Metal Workers' Industrial Union No. 440 holds out an invitation to you to join with them. We are not going to fall for the "half a loaf is better than none" stuff. We are going after the whole works. This industrial union is out for shorter hours. We want to see the eight-hour day universal in the steel industry. We are organizing to that end and realize that as the workday is shortened and more men are put to work, demands can be made for higher wages and better conditions. This unemployment shadow is now falling across the pathway that leads to better things. We have to organize.

The union has succeeded in enlarging its membership in the past year. Delegates have been appointed in the majority of the metal centers. At many places local unions have been chartered and it has had a healthy effect upon wages and hours at several plants.

But the union cannot move faster than the metal workers move. Let the present situation in the mills and shops act to hasten our work of organization. Let it be a warning of what is to follow if we stand by and do nothing about it. The start has been made. The workers of this industrial union have laid out an organization program for 1924, and call upon every metal worker to join with them.

Let's not be like the flies on the pulley and just hang on until we get slung off. Let's organize and as one body of metal workers, who with our intelligence and strength make the steel and shape it into the many machines and uses it is produced for, use this same intelligence and strength to gain for ourselves some of the good things in life which we play such an important part in producing.



When the Giant Rests

The above picture, reprinted from *Il Proletario*, Italian IWW weekly organ, tells its own story.

It shows what happens when the giant, Labor, sleeps; that is, stops his various mental and manual activities.

Everything becomes disarranged and falls into chaos; nothing goes right.

The steamships are prostrate; the railroads are paralyzed; communication is down; the mills are still; in brief, "There's nothing doing" and "everything is all balled up."

Every big strike, every big storm, every acute panic, every destructive war, that either causes the cessation of labor or prevents its useful application, is a substantiation of the correctness of this strikingly vivid picture.

All of them go to emphasize the dependence of human society on Labor. They stress the fact that the constructive progress of the race is dependent on Labor. And that culture and development are impossible without Labor and its ability to operate industry and produce wealth.

This picture, together with all that it implies, should serve to inspire Labor with a consciousness of its own importance. It should serve to bring home to Labor its own great economic power; and should cause it to so organize that power industrially as to make it conduce to Labor's own improvement and emancipation, instead of Capital's profit and oppression.

Industrial Tendencies

WHITHER is industry tending? The Lithographers' Journal for March throws some light on the question! It devotes an article to "Lithography in 1921," that discusses industrial tendencies of interest not only to lithographers but all other workers as well, no matter how or where employed, as the facts contained therein are typical of tendencies in general.

This article, taking the census of 1921 as its authority, shows that in that year there were 296 lithographic establishments in this country as compared with 336 in 1914. Or a decrease of 40 in number. Further, the average number of employees decreased from 15,171 in 1914 to 13,971 in 1921. Or a loss of 1,200 all told.

However, at the same time, the capital invested increased from \$35,685,000 to \$60,817,000 for 1919, the latest figures available. This is an increase of more than 65 per cent. The horsepower employed also increased from 15,178 in 1914 to 18,624 in 1919, or over one-fifth.

But, most impressive of all, is the increase in output from \$39,136,000 in 1914 to \$79,472,000 in 1921. This represents an increase of over 100 per cent.

The Lithographers' Journal observes that "from those figures (it) can be seen, that lithography is growing as an industry; at least its mechanical equipment is growing apparently at the expense of man-power."

This growth is characteristic of many industries. These industries show great increases in capital, horsepower and output, combined with a decrease in establishments and employees. The latter decrease, too, despite great growths of population, which would seem to warrant their expansion rather than their contraction.

These industries reflect the ever-persistent tendencies to concentration in huge consolidations and combinations of capital, coupled with the extended introduction of automatic machinery and the speed-up system, which is its inevitable accompaniment; all of which acts to the detriment of competitors and wage workers, both of whom are displaced and rendered unnecessary thereby.

It is regrettable that the Lithographers' Journal did not have the figures to show the difference, if any, between 1914 and 1921 wages paid in lithography. The 1921 statistics, as given by the Journal, show the total "mechanical payroll" to have reached the sum of \$21,085,435. "Thus, the average yearly earning of the individual wage earner is \$1,508.58 1-2, or \$29.02 per week." Of course, this average is established primarily by adding the high-paid wages and the low-paid wages together and then dividing the total by the number employed.

Probably, had a comparison been made between the wages paid in 1914 and 1921, it would have been shown that the wages of lithographers do not increase in the same proportions as does their out-

put; and that, though their wages are higher than formerly they have, relatively speaking, suffered a decrease. This is borne out by general statistics. Geo. Soule, well-known economist, has shown that, while output on the whole has recently increased 30 per cent, wages have only gone up 5 per cent. And the indications are that they will not remain there long. For even now there are newer and greater combinations of capital afoot, together with a greater introduction of automatic machinery and a determined movement to reduce wages, all requiring greater resistance via organization on the part of the working class.

Need more be said? Or is a hint to the wise sufficient?

PIGS AND PIGS

One day a farmer who had a large herd of pigs decided to kill one. His experience in the past had taught him that pigs will attack a person who is doing injury to one of the herd. He told his hired man to get a large club and get into the pen and drive back the other pigs while he killed the one he wanted. This the hired man did and the farmer was successful in killing the one he wanted.

Now there are working men who join together in groups called "unions" but when the boss wants to lick one of the unions all the other unions stand quietly by and watch the licking go on. Have working men as much sense as pigs? **THINK IT OVER.**

NEXT MONTH!

NEXT MONTH!

The Industrial Pioneer will publish one of the most gripping tales from the lives of the workers ever penned by a proletarian. It is called

"The Boy from Washington" By Bob Pease

General Organization Committeeman of Lumber Workers' Union No. 120, Industrial Workers of the World.

Get this story and learn how the boy was transformed from a dreamer into a man of determination. It's one of the best things written since the days of Jack London's "People of the Abyss," and every bit as vivid and as virile! Read it and find out for yourself.

Other good things in next month's issue will include two pages of photos of big construction jobs now being built by members and sympathizers in the city of Chicago.

See the wobblies at work at dizzy heights, putting massive steel beams in place and painting broadcasting towers. And take a look at some of the bridges and other useful structures that they have also helped to build!

In addition, there will be the usual articles on economics and other problems of the day. Subscribe now; interest your friends now!



Busting a Boost!

OREGON'S NATURAL BEAUTIES FAIL TO REPRESS THE IRREPRESSIBLE CLASS STRUGGLE

By OREGONIAN

With the Summer Season Drawing Near and a Profitable Tourist Business in Sight, the Chambers of Commerce Are Publishing Alluring Advertisements, that Appeal to the Workers, Cause them to Migrate and Land Amid Conditions Worse than Those From Which they Fled. Below Will be Found a Criticism of One of These Advertisements that Gives Many Facts that Are Otherwise Lost Sight of.

The Portland Chamber of Commerce is boosting "Oregon and her captivating modern cities." The advertisement calls on all and sundry to "Plan a real summer adventure in the land of the snow peaks and great evergreen forests, deep roaring canyons, tempting fishing streams, wondrous lakes, ocean and beaches. Nearly 2,000 miles of incomparable paved highways lure the motorist."

And then it continues:

"Here is the greatest lumber producing section of the country, the second in furniture manufacture, the center of hydro-electric energy—a land with tremendous potential agricultural resources and unlimited possibilities of industrial development."

One would conclude, upon reading this advertisement, that Oregon is, in biblical language, "the land of milk and honey." It's a habit all boosters have: they picture the bright side and leave the shadow to be depicted by those who live in it and are, therefore, most familiar with it.

Take California, for instance: There's a land of earthquakes, situated on one of the worst geological formations in the country, and, as such, likely to crack wide open when most unexpected. Remember 'Frisco! Now, no booster ever boasts of that. No; he prefers to have you forget it and think of California as the land of sunshine and flowers.

Then there's the way California, through its so-called criminal syndicalism laws, sends workmen to jail from one to fourteen years for organizing. One, to read the advertisements of California's realtors, would never think that California is so mediaeval and ornery! According to them, it's positively civilized, which, however, is not the fact.

And then there's California's land and oil swindles—but what's the use? Let's get back to Oregon! It's the same there, too. Them "2,000 miles of incomparable paved highways" that "lure the motorist" sometimes lure the migratory worker as the best way out of it. And those "snow peaks and great evergreen forests, deep roaring canyons, tempting fishing streams, wondrous lakes, ocean and beaches"—they're all picturesque and inspiring. But when logging and the sawmills shut down yuh can't eat them, nor can you get staked for anything because of their existence. The reader of those advertisements wouldn't believe it, but Oregon, like California, has the class struggle, too. The irrepressible conflict between employer and employe rages just as fiercely here as elsewhere, though the chamber of commerce advertisements say nothing about it. Oregon has her criminal syndicalism laws too,—which means that the organized capitalists here, as in all the other states, are desperately engaged in trying to stifle the aspira-



A JAMMER IN ACTION

In The Sugar Pine Country 'Round
Southern Oregon.

A CATERPILLAR HAULING BIG WHEELER

With Sugar Pine Logs in Chains in
the Vicinity of Klamath Falls, Ore.



tions of the workers for better conditions and a better society, by means of forcible repression rather than civilized consideration. Thanks to organization, however, the criminal syndicalism law in Oregon is practically a dead letter.

Portland, Oregon's leading city, with its misleading chamber of commerce, was the scene of a typical labor struggle in the fall of 1922. On that occasion the members of the IWW and other progressive unionists went out on strike. They resisted an attempt at discrimination against them. That is, they resisted an attempt to take their means of livelihood away from them because of their ideas on labor organization and the future society.

Mayor Baker rushed into this affray with characteristic official zeal and stupidity. He lined the police and other municipal departments up against the strikers and did his very worst to break the strike. But publicity won the day. The strikers issued bulletin after bulletin, giving their side and exposing the lawless mayor. It all ended by his backing out of the affair, with as much grace as his defeat allowed.

This Portland longshoremen's strike practically drove shipping away for the time being. It was an intense, long drawn-out conflict, typical of the

labor situation in Oregon generally.

The intensity of the class conflict is further shown in the attempts now being made to drive the IWW out of the logging camps of the state. Thanks to its efforts, the camps have improved considerably since last spring. The majority of the lumber companies have installed blankets, white sheets and pillow slips. Further, owing to its great strikes in 1917-18, eight hours have been a day's work in the Oregon woods.

While these things tend to make life in the camps more agreeable to the workers employed therein, there is still room for improvement. "High-balling," that is, the speed-up system, is in vogue. Board is also not very good in many of the camps. In addition the workers can only get jobs through employment agencies. The workers must pay all the way from \$1 to \$10 for them. Despite this there is no certainty that when they get to the camp they can go to work. Sometimes, if they are broke, they will have to walk back to town and go through the same process again.

The IWW is trying to remedy these evils, also; and in view of its success in improving camp conditions and reducing hours, the employers wish to

(Continued on page 29.)

Pioneer Makes Big Hit

Our May Day issue, edited by Vern Smith, made the greatest hit of all *Pioneers*. It was enthusiastically greeted, as will be seen by the following excerpts from letters received:—

The Pioneer for May was fine. Getting better all the time! Thought the Barnett story was splendid. It hit the spot in the right way.
San Francisco, Cal. **Ed. Delaney.**

I am glad you renewed my subscription so promptly. **I wouldn't miss an issue of the Pioneer. It's one of the best magazines published.** It has some very good educational articles in it.
Walla Walla, Wash. **W. F. Mondy.**

Just finished reading the May Day Pioneer. It is good stuff, well edited and well set up. **In my opinion we have the best revolutionary magazine in the world today.**
Bangor, Me. **I. U. No. 120.**

Allow me to compliment you on the May issue of the Pioneer. **It is a dandy so far as I have gone.** The first article is a real peach. What I noticed particularly was the choice of words for their expressiveness and also for their musical effects. No name is given, but the one who wrote this can write. Then there is the Peeps with the cuts that show the Pioneer in the making, and it is a fine piece for any magazine to have.

PROMOTES DOMESTIC HARMONY

I MUST write and tell you how well we all like the Pioneer. It's sure a dandy! I don't know how it could be better; but each one seems better than the other.

When our youngster comes home with it, he begins to yell before he gets into the house,

"Hey, Ma; I got the Pioneer!"

I hustle out and get it.

I'll write you a little scene at our home the other evening.

Hub (coming home for supper): "What, burnt biscuits?"

Myself: "Well, sweet cats! I can't help it!! The Pioneer came today. The kid brought it just as I put them on. And the Worker, too! I just had to look them over and forgot all about the biscuits."

Hub: "What? The Pioneer?? Where is it???"

Myself: "Well, never mind. Supper is ready!"

Hub: "I've got to glance at it, anyway! I can't eat supper without looking it over any more than you can watch biscuits."

So you see we like it fine. The Worker and Sol are fine, too. Couldn't get along without them!
Calder, Idaho. **Card X7443.**

I do not like Chaplin's song as well as some of his others, but believe me that boy is there on the art, even if I have contended that he is better with the pen than the brush.

I have also read No. 744, Missing in Action, and it is fine. I am going to treat myself to the rest of it when the wife comes home, for she will read it aloud. But so far as I have gone, International Labor Day beats them all. It has everything that makes great literature. **The thing that hits me is that we are getting the best that there is in the men out of them. I have this feeling of the IWW as a great training school for citizens of a free society each time I read the Pioneer.**

Sincerely yours for the IWW.
Vancouver, B. C. **J. A. McDonald.**

Elsewhere in this issue will be found other appreciative words. These should serve to enthuse our readers to redouble their efforts to make the Pioneer the biggest success ever in labor magazine circulation.

Get your friends to subscribe to it! Get news-dealers to sell it. Get schoolboys to sell it after school hours. Contribute your mite. Every little bit helps. With all of our readers boosting, the Pioneer is bound to grow as it should.

All together! Let's go!

TO THE UNEMPLOYED

If you are out of work and wish to retaliate against the present capitalist system for placing you in such a position, push the Industrial Workers of the World. Help it to organize the workers.

Push especially its publications, like the Industrial Worker, Industrial Solidarity and Industrial Pioneer among the workers still at work or able to buy them.

In these ways, YOU can make known to them the causes of unemployment, together with the other evils of capitalism, and the way to remedy them.

At the same time you will be making it possible for the Industrial Workers of the World to maintain its press and carry on its work of organization among the workers everywhere; while also making a few cents for your own pork chops.

For more particulars, address The Industrial Pioneer, 1001 W. Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois.

THE WOMEN ARE INTERESTED

Fellow Worker Editor:—It was quite interesting to read the two letters from "A Stenographer" and "A Mother" in the April Pioneer. Both of these touch on vital questions. . . . Indeed our press does reflect too little industrial union activity on the part of the women wage slaves, and the Pioneer is a very appropriate medium in which to discuss these things.—**Card 70624.**



At Haledon, N. J., in 1913.
Paterson Strikers Listen to
IWW Speakers Address Them
on Situation

IWW Comes Back in New England

Conditions Cry Out For It—History and Tradition Favor It—One Big Union of Lawrence Co-operates With It—Old Timers Rejoice Over It—Push It All!

History and tradition are often condemned as fetters that bind the race and retard its progress. Man does not regard the future as an untried experiment, through which everything is possible, would he but do and dare. Man is a timorous creature. He fears to go onward with new ideals. And, in his conservative cowardice he calls on the failures in history and tradition to justify his paltry course. He cites precedent and quotes the croakings of his great, great grandmother to prove himself and his ilk right as against others more progressive.

But, as in everything else, history and tradition are sometimes exceptional. Sometimes they, too, will be found on the side of development and progress. There is, for instance, the history and the tradition of the great IWW victory at Lawrence, Mass., in the year 1912. On that occasion, 25,000 textile workers rose in revolt against a wage cut. For ten long weeks, during the intensely cold months of January, February and March, they withstood the fiercest kind of opposition. Press, pulpit, police, militia, craft union, detective agencies and dynamite frame-ups were arrayed and used against them.

Though speaking a score or more tongues and working at many different trades these 25,000 textile workers, under the banner of the IWW stood as solid as a rock and, in the face of all misrepresentation, brutality, craft union treachery and capitalist oppression generally, won one of the greatest triumphs in the labor history of the country.

Fires Labor's Imagination

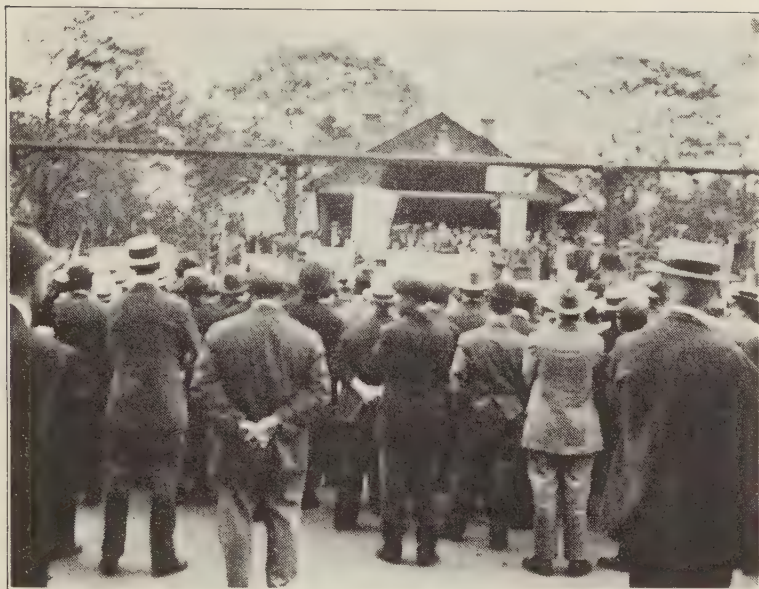
It was a glorious, epoch-making conflict, was the great Lawrence strike of 1912. A new and greater unionism had come to inspire labor—a unionism founded on industry instead of trades and having for its objects not only workers' improvement but also workers' control of industry. The great Lawrence conflict of 1912 not only fired its participants with an unbreakable enthusiasm amounting to religious fanaticism, but also the revolutionary imagination of the working class throughout the entire

Eighteen



Women Were Prominent Factors in Lawrence Strike Demonstrations and Movements to Raise Funds and Care for Strikers' Children.

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER



Mass Demonstration For Release
of Ettor, Giovannitti and Caruso,
Lawrence Strike Victims, Union
Square, New York, 1912.



One of the Age-Long Evils of the
Cotton Mills: Children at Work
Tending Looms — Scene in the
South.



land. It opened up to them the vistas of a new society and outlined the means of its attainment, by and through the workers industrially organized. It was truly a remarkable strike, reverberating throughout the states in its remarkable ramifications and influences.

The practical result of the great Lawrence strike of 1912 was to put from 5 to 15 million dollars more per annum in the pay envelopes of the textile workers throughout the land; that is, its results were not only local but widespread; for the Lawrence strike caused textile mill corporations throughout the land to act favorable to the workers employed therein. In others, they acted in anticipation of the stimu-

lating effects of the Lawrence strike on the textile workers everywhere.

The spiritual results were even greater, in that it left an ineffaceable impression on the memory of the workers, especially in the textile centers of New England. For a half decade the Lawrence strike of 1912, such were its impressions, caused mill corporations to hesitate to cut wages, in fear of its triumphant repetition. Among the workers 1912 was a tradition to an even later date, influencing their actions for the best, and setting up standards by which to be guided in the struggle with capitalism.

Since 1912 there have been other big strikes in

New England, especially in Lawrence. Strikes as vast and as important but not as far-reaching, nor as effective, nor as impressive in their varied achievements. Through them all, the history and tradition of the Lawrence strike of 1912, led by the IWW, have survived and held sway. And though the war and other circumstances, including the influx of new quotas of workers from various climes, drove the IWW out of New England, a minority of the textile workers, imbued with this history and tradition, have yearned for and made possible its return!

And now the IWW is coming back again in New England! Now again are textile workers holding meetings under IWW auspices in its textile centers, with headquarters at Lowell, Mass. Best of all, the One Big Union unit in Lawrence, Mass., has voted to co-operate in the new IWW movement to organize the textile industry now going on there. The textilers are coming back; they are rallying 'round the IWW once more.

This come-back is good news, indeed! It thrills old timers like the writer, who was at Lawrence in 1912 and took part in some of the most dramatic events enacted there at that time! It, further, recalls the vast demonstrations in favor of the strike that took place in every great industrial center, as Boston, New York and Philadelphia; demonstrations in which men, women and children took part and all the various labor elements were represented; for if the Lawrence strike did one thing, it united all the forces of labor in a way that they had never been united before or since, such was the force of its inspiring example everywhere! It recalls also the succession of big strikes at Little Falls, N. Y.; Paterson, N. J., and elsewhere, to which it gave impetus and inspiration.

Prestige Still Survives

Aye! Lawrence,—the Lawrence of 1912—as the first giant demonstration of industrial unionism, set in motion a train of events whose significance is not without prestige and influence! They are even now taking part in the revival of the IWW in New England. May they lead to a revival of the IWW everywhere! For never before was the IWW as badly needed in the textile industry, as at present.

In New England towns, like Providence, R. I., for instance, the depression has caused such destitution as to make the Mayor afraid to disclose the amount of funds expended in poor relief. He fears a revolt if the exact sum is disclosed. In other textile centers, like Fall River, Mass., the situation is practically the same. There, as in Providence, "hard times" are rampant!

Elsewhere, as in Dover, New Hampshire, strikes are on against more work without more pay. The number of looms are being doubled, in some cases; and the tasks imposed are being multiplied; with threats of wage cuts all 'round. It's the old story of increasing output out of all proportion to the actual wages paid.

In Philadelphia, with its 70,000 textile workers; in the South, with its new capitalism and child labor

particularly,—everywhere in Textiledom do conditions cry aloud for the IWW. And it is certainly a pleasure to know that the cry has the most practical backing in New England.

The IWW is coming back in the textile industry! History and tradition favor it!

WHAT'S BEHIND TEA-POT DOME?

(Concluded from page 4)

selves in opposition to his competitors and thereby incur their titanic enmity, which seems to be the case with Coolidge. It is already clear that his espousal of Ford's Muscle Shoals involves the Coolidge administration in a scandal besides which that of Elk Hill and Teapot Dome are small indeed.

Under these circumstances, it would appear that what we have been witnessing in Washington is not a political reformation by the Democratic party, but a struggle for political supremacy between big capitalist economic factions, in which the political parties are only a means to an end, to be used as the dominant interests require. In this connection, the Democratic party, decadent though it is, serves plutocratic ends; and **should there be no compromise between the economic interests concerned in the Republican party**, the Democratic party stands a good chance of having big plutocratic backing in the coming campaign and winning out because of it. SO will rally to Governor Smith and elect him.

The coming presidential campaign is likely to excite multitudes of workers. They will grow hysterical over it, as many have already done. This, however, is nonsensical! For what difference does it make to them, whether Ford or Morgan or both rule at Washington? They will continue to be fleeced at their place of employment of all that they produce above their wages. Then, as now, will their labor be exploited for the aggrandizement of their capitalist employers, whether small or large, whether individual or corporate in character.

So we say to them: don't get "het up" over this scrape. Pay attention to your own interests. Organize industrially to secure more of your products, until you get them all and are thereby enabled to inaugurate the workers' commonwealth.

WHAT WORKMEN NEED

Man does not live by bread alone. Nor does the worker's drudgery alone make him class-conscious. Education is also needed.

With education will come organization and idealism. Without these the worker will be a mere grumbler, an ineffective kicker. With them, he will become a revolutionist and a credit to his class.

Get the workers to read! The capitalists fear those who read and, reading, understand the iniquities of capitalism and the remedy therefor in organization.

From the Hell of Wage Slavery to Industrial Heaven

By PASQUALE RUSSO

(See Illustrations on Page 2)

The World Unrest.

THE structure of modern capitalist society is crumbling before the advancing forces of the united proletariat and we now realize that the prophetic words of Karl Marx are in accord with the fact, "The capitalist system has produced its own grave-digger." Due to the greed and the intensity of exploitation during the capitalist regime the world is now in the throes of a great agitation. In every corner of the globe the toilers are in open rebellion against a barbaric system of wage slavery. In every country the intensity of the class struggle has come to be the most serious question of the hour. In every land and on every sea the workers are demanding freedom.

In the midst of all this turbulence the great American empire is not immune. Here, in this "land of the free and plenty" the laboring classes are struggling against the tyranny of the capitalist regime.

The situation, such as it is, leads many to ask: "Who is responsible for this unrest among the working classes?" To which we may reply by saying, it is caused by the selfishness and greed of the capitalist class. All the machinery of production and the natural resources of the country are in the hands of this class, though numerically they are insignificant, while the working class, the producers of all wealth, are vast in numbers but extremely poor.

These conditions are brought about by class exploitation and a system which reduces the majority of mankind to wage slavery. Therefore, the Industrial Workers of the World not only protest these conditions but also fight for the liberation of the entire working class of the world.

The Priest

Finding themselves in such straits what is the best course for the toilers to pursue? According to the Father of the Fourteen Points, ex-President Wilson, the workers should adopt religion as a remedy and "Look to the Lord for help." Judge Gary, who on one occasion denounced ex-service men (who demanded a bonus) as "bums and disloyal", tells the wealth producers that their salvation is to be had by "giving their hearts to Jesus." Such sentiments, seductive as they are, redound to the interest of the capitalist class and contain nothing of value to the workers. The workers have prayed for two thousand years without result and while praying have been deprived of the fruits of their toil. To Jesus they have given their souls, but their stomachs remain empty. It is now time that the workers began to realize that in order to enjoy life in this world it is necessary that they take what belongs to them. It is not to be had for the asking. nor will prayers avail—it must be seized and held.

One of the chief instruments of capitalist op-

pression and the strongest bulwarks of slavery, opposing the emancipation of labor, has been the priest. At all times the priest has functioned as a defense for the oppressors and as an obstacle in the path of progress. By instilling in the hearts of the workers a fear of a cruel, vindictive, christian God he has made them docile slaves. It is tacitly understood that the task of the priest is to protect private property, hence religion as expounded by the priest has a distinct economic value, looked at from the standpoint of the owners of property. A portion of this value is returned to the priest in the form of emoluments and reduces him to the position of a servile lackey of the ruling class. The priest, therefore, is but a tool of the robber barons of industry and according to common practice must play the tune demanded by those who pay the piper.

Thomas Paine in his work "The Age of Reason" writes of the priest in this wise: "It is impossible to calculate the moral mischief, if I may so express it, that mental lying has produced in society. When a man has so far corrupted and prostituted the chastity of his mind, as to subscribe his professional belief to things he does not believe, he has prepared himself for the commission of every other crime, he has taken up the trade of a priest for the sake of gain and, in order to qualify himself for that trade, he begins with a perjury and can we conceive of anything more restructive to morality than this?"

Every Sunday the priest (agent of organized capital) fails not in admonishing the wage slaves in docility and patience. In a soft and velvety voice he delivers his sermon and in effect says: "Brothers and sisters, be good. Your own salvation demands that you give up your desire for the possessions of the rich. Toward them you should be unselfish and covet not material things. Toil hard for your master, be ye meek and lowly and some day you shall inherit the kingdom of heaven, which is a place where the poor are welcomed. 'Blessed are the poor . . . Woe unto the rich.' (Luke: 20, 21.)

"Furthermore" says he, "Don't worry, your oppressors shall be punished for their sins in the next world. Do not rebel and should you fall into this error you shall suffer the torments of hell through-out eternity."

The priest, day after day, robs, deceives and keeps in darkness the great mass of the people while pretending to uplift, benefit and serve. How comes it, that in such an age of enlightenment, the priest and his hypocrisy are tolerated? It can only be explained by taking into account the ignorance of the great mass of the population.

To these millions, the priest's promises of heaven have so deluded them that their economic exploitation has come to be a matter of course. This dream of heaven, fostered by the clergy, has been a chlor-

oform that dulls the workers' minds. When a worker bows in prayer, the injustice of the wages system is excluded from his consciousness. The priest, living in a beautiful mansion and clothed in his silken garments informs the workers that they may have those things in a land beyond the sky.

Nor is this the least of the indictment. Owing to his influence the world has for thousands of years been drenched in blood. A subtle magic, the cross and the bible, are the means by which he performs such atrocious wonders. By such means, also is the subjection of the workers brought about; through them he creates a fear of hell. Hell, we are told, is a lake of fire which burns eternally and coming as it does from an alleged authentic source, the uninformed and ignorant have a superstitious dread of it. By inculcating this fear, the priest maintains himself in power, conscious of the fact that its absence would deprive him of his sources of wealth and influence.

Only by fear of this mythical hell and a hope for a mythical paradise, on the part of the large majority of the people is the church supported and its spokesman the priest tolerated. But there is some evidence now of enlightenment and we are assured, in this stress of modern culture, the working classes will demand from the priest some tangible proof of his assertions.

However, we admit, that in a sense there is a hell; that at present it is upon earth; that its tangible form is in poverty, hunger and crime; that it is the handmaiden of industrial autocracy and may appropriately be called wage slavery.

Also, we are aware that there is a heaven, it is upon earth and enjoyed by the ruling class for the very good reason that they own the earth and everything upon it.

To avoid this hell of poverty and participate in the heaven of security is to organize for the purpose of taking possession of the soil and secure control of the machinery of production. Such action on the workers' part will bring an era of industrial freedom and purge the earth of superstition, despots and priests.

Hell and Heaven

The capitalist class own the earth, by means of which they control all the necessities of life. For them this is heaven. On the other hand, the workingman, selling his labor power for a day by day existence, incidently increasing the wealth of the capitalists, creates for himself a condition bordering on hell..

The capitalists do no work, yet benefit from all work. For them this is heaven. The workingman, in times of peace, toils long and hard, day after in order that he may live. In the turbulence of war the worker is sent forth to die upon the battlefield of imperialism. For the worker this is hell.

The wealth of the United States is about 319,357,000,000 and is controlled by less than two per cent of the population. This two per cent is the plutocracy and for them access to all this wealth

is heaven. Reversing the picture we see that the American working class receive less than the amount required to keep an animal in good physical condition. For the wealth producers this is hell. Further, Wilford I. King in "Wealth and Incomes of the People of the United States", points out that 65 per cent of the people own no property; 15 per cent value their possessions at one thousand dollars; 18 per cent own two thousand, and the large remaining balance is owned by about 2 per cent of the population. The figures are startling and indicate that the United States is a heaven for the rich but a hell for the poor. Professor Richard Henry Edward, of the University of Wisconsin adds to this indictment in his work "Concentrated Wealth" by saying, "One per cent of the American families control more of the general wealth than the remaining ninety-nine." So we see that virtually the one per cent enjoy a golden paradise or heaven. Contrasted with this are the conditions of the working classes, millions of whom receive but seven hundred dollars per annum for their labor.

But the intolerable phases of this situation are in the wastefulness and extravagance of the rich. Recently, a very wealthy physician expended eleven thousand dollars on the burial of a pet dog. From this we may reason backward and see that dogs during life are well fed, wear silver collars, are bathed properly and enjoy the services of a special attendant. For the children of the rich this expenditure is even on a more elaborate scale; they reside in beautiful mansions, are well fed, wear expensive clothes and without exertions have all the comforts of life brought to them. These facts may be contrasted with Robert Hunter's statement in "Poverty": "One in every ten persons who die in New York City are buried at public expense in the Potters' Field."

Thus we see that the dogs of the rich are well provided for, but the children of the poor live in tenement houses reeking with filth, and when seen in the streets are clad in rags and worn out shoes. At school, when examined, they are found to be weak and feeble due to under nutrition, subsequently to die for a lack of the common necessities of life. This is hell indeed.

For a glimpse of heaven we must look to the industrial lord, who rides in fine limousines, attends the opera, dines at the club, plays golf; surrounded by ease and comfort, pleasure and enjoyment. For him all the beautiful mansions and automobiles are built by slaves who are denied the privilege of using them. When the maker and builder of these conveniences rides it is in the crowded streetcar or in a public conveyance to the poor house or the insane asylum, or at last, after being starved to death, he rides in a hearse. A hell worse than this cannot be imagined. Frequently for the worker, conditions become stressed and unbearable and to relieve this he goes on strike. Here he is met by the police and the soldiers. If they but

(Continued on page 27)



The Land of Sunshine and Serfdom

By CALIFORNIAN

**The Redwoods of California,
Showing their Big Circumference**

**"Oh! Liberty, can Man resign thee,
Once having felt thy glorious flame?
Can dungeons, bolts or bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?"**

The old courthouse on Fifth street, Eureka, California, rang with the words of the anthem that swept 100,000 French peasants and artisans on to revolt, more than a century ago.

What was the cause of the rejoicing in Eureka? Had Labor achieved a victory? Aye, more of a victory than would at first appear. Nine men were being returned to their cells after sentence had been passed upon them; after they had been found guilty of treason to the industrial overlords of Northern California. Wherein, then, lies the victory? The victory lies in the fact that although they had been condemned to serve from one to fourteen years in San Quentin prison, they were not subdued. The masters and their vassals had failed in their efforts to compel these industrial rebels to kneel in submission at the feet of Mammon. They had seen the "vision splendid," had caught a glimpse of the Promised Land wherein Labor shall receive its just reward. Nine sons of the forest, sturdy loggers of the redwoods go to San Quentin to join their fellow workers who have gone before; Hammond and the rest of the timber pirates lie in opulent ease, secure from arrest and imprisonment, and laugh cynically at the efforts of their militant wage slaves to gain better economic conditions, and yet these men who have just been sentenced by a creature of the oligarchy are the victors. Truly we can ask:

**"Oh! Liberty, can Man resign thee,
Once having felt thy glorious flame?"**

Trial a Mockery

It is not the intention of the writer to here review the case that has just ended in Eureka. This has been done in the IWW papers. I just want to stress a few points and to tell the readers of this magazine of a stirring scene that was enacted in the courtroom when the men were brought in to receive sentence after the jury had rendered their verdict.

The trial was a mockery, a farce. Judge Tyron, who presided, is a vassal of the Lumber Octopus. Like the good servant of King Lumber that he is, he obeyed his master and rendered faithful service. So prejudiced and unfair was he that the attorney for the defense was forced to conclude his case abruptly because of his inability to secure even a semblance of justice and fair dealing.

The less said about the jury the better. They were serfs of the Hammond Lumber company and other timber pirates. We would not say that the jury was bought outright, our opinion on that score we will keep to ourselves. Suffice it to say that the Lumber Octopus had given orders and they were obeyed to the letter. So much for the rape of justice in Eureka.

Now comes the scene in the courtroom when nine men, Henry Powell, William Bryan, John McRae, J. C. Allen, Alex Nicholson, R. V. Taylor, L. V. French, Jack Beavert and William Longstreth, were called before the "bar of justice" to receive sentence for violation of the state criminal syndicalism law.

Judge Tyron, still retaining his mask of impartial fairness, asked the usual question of each defendant, whether or not he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him.

The spokesman of the group arose and addressed the court:

"Justice" Rebuked

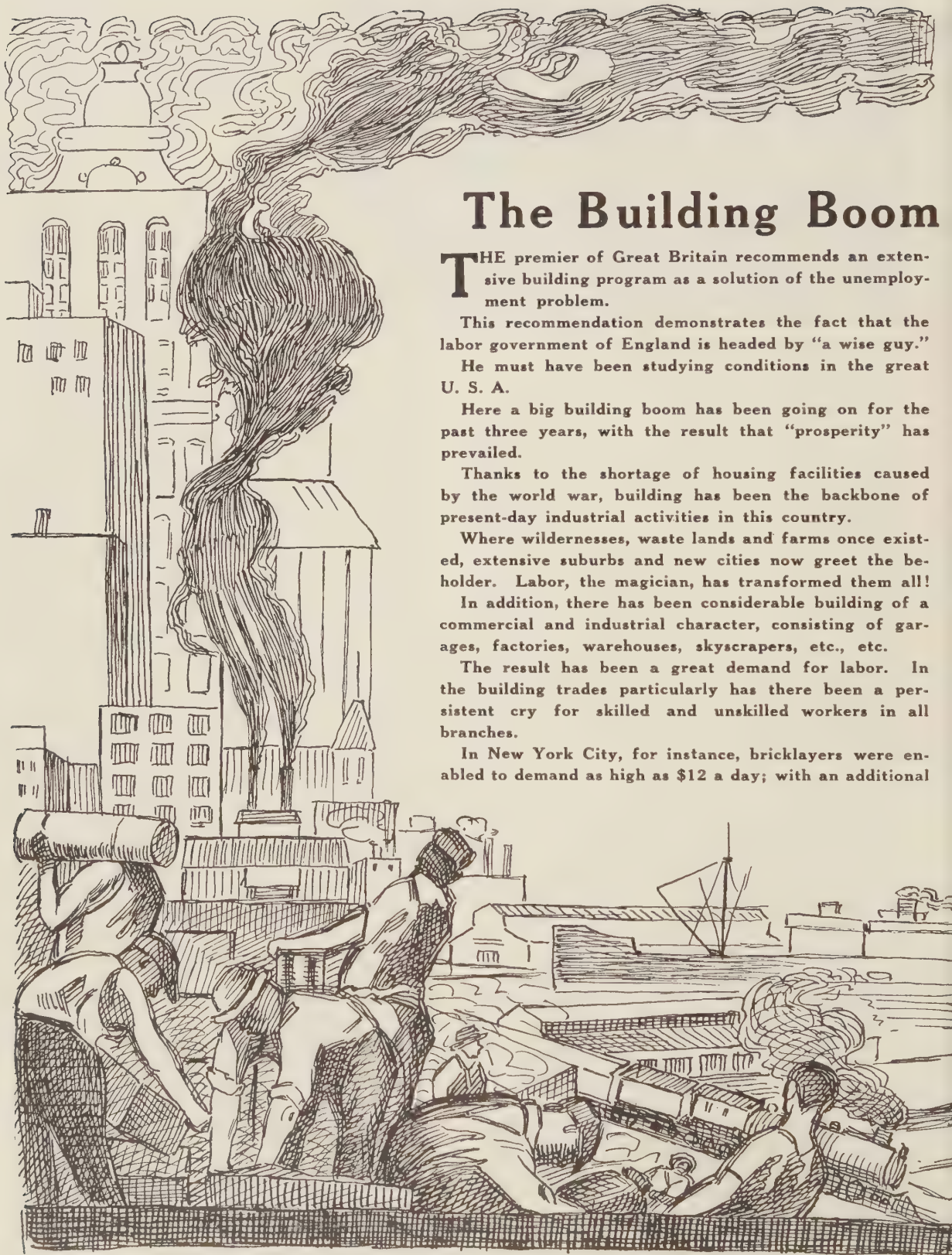
"We go to San Quentin with clear consciences; this is more than you, judge, or the gentlemen of the prosecution can say.

"We did not receive justice; we did not expect to receive it in this courtroom.

"Some day you will be tried before a tribunal of working people, and on that day you will receive justice, something that was denied us."

The judge turned red with shame, as the words rang clear and distinct through the courtroom. Then his face turned white with rage. What manner of men were these, who, in the shadow of the prison walls, refused to cringe and plead for

(Continued on page 26)



The Building Boom

THE premier of Great Britain recommends an extensive building program as a solution of the unemployment problem.

This recommendation demonstrates the fact that the labor government of England is headed by "a wise guy."

He must have been studying conditions in the great U. S. A.

Here a big building boom has been going on for the past three years, with the result that "prosperity" has prevailed.

Thanks to the shortage of housing facilities caused by the world war, building has been the backbone of present-day industrial activities in this country.

Where wildernesses, waste lands and farms once existed, extensive suburbs and new cities now greet the beholder. Labor, the magician, has transformed them all!

In addition, there has been considerable building of a commercial and industrial character, consisting of garages, factories, warehouses, skyscrapers, etc., etc.

The result has been a great demand for labor. In the building trades particularly has there been a persistent cry for skilled and unskilled workers in all branches.

In New York City, for instance, bricklayers were enabled to demand as high as \$12 a day; with an additional

and Its Reaction

a day bonus in some cases.

In New York City also 8,000 structural iron workers struck for an increase from \$10 to \$12 per day. Their employers are members of the Iron League, an open shop association.

Thus, the labor demand attending the building boom is also made some blows at organized tyranny possible. Such have been the effects of the building boom.

It has revived general conditions, caused a demand for labor at increased wages and given play to resistance to open shop oppression.

But how long is it going to last?

It is reacting on itself!

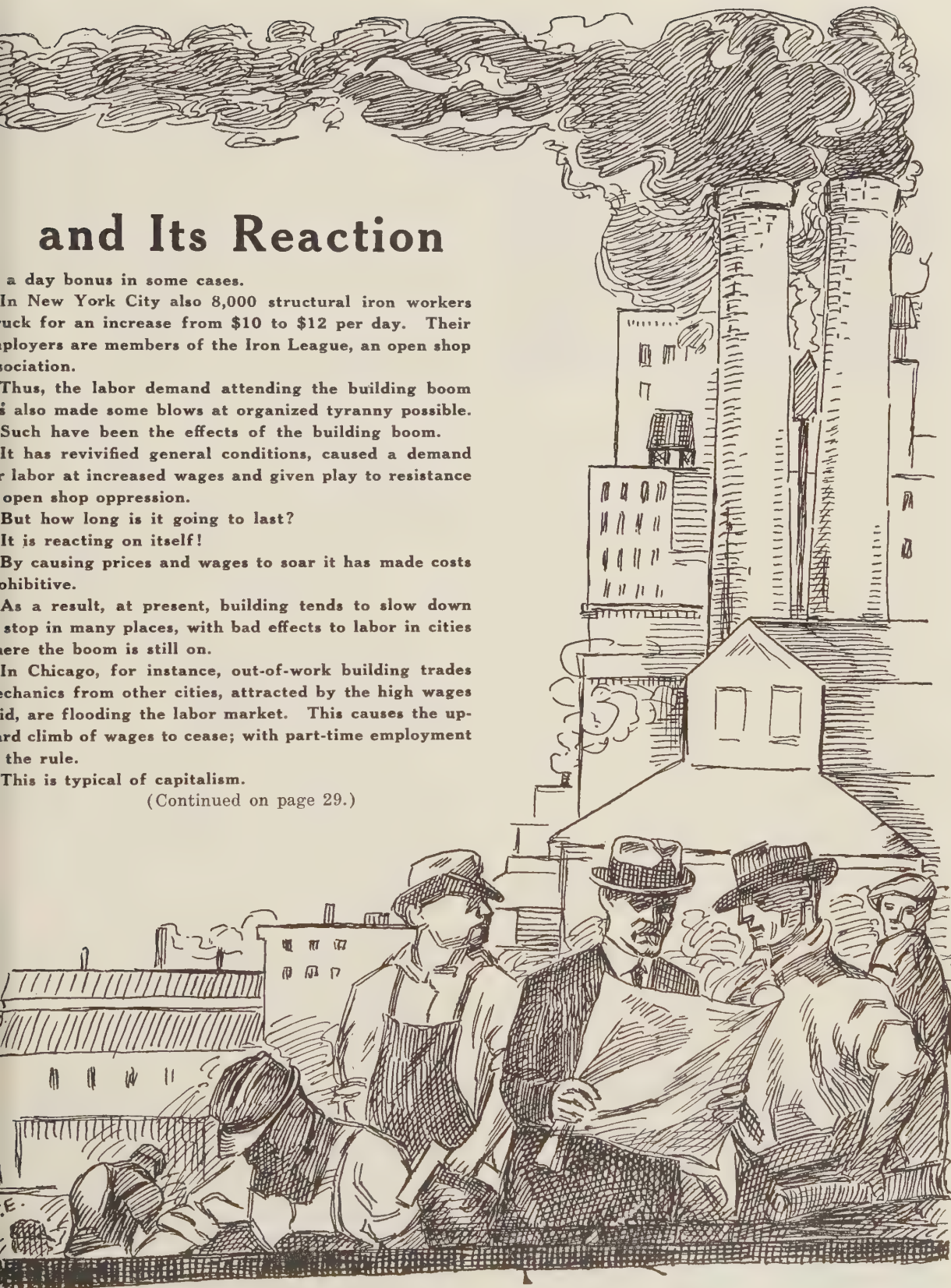
By causing prices and wages to soar it has made costs prohibitive.

As a result, at present, building tends to slow down and stop in many places, with bad effects to labor in cities where the boom is still on.

In Chicago, for instance, out-of-work building trades mechanics from other cities, attracted by the high wages paid, are flooding the labor market. This causes the upward climb of wages to cease; with part-time employment the rule.

This is typical of capitalism.

(Continued on page 29.)



THE LAND OF SUNSHINE AND SERFDOM (Continued from page 23.)

mercy? It was beyond the comprehension of this modern "bloody Jeffreys" with the myopic vision and prostituted mentality. His voice trembled with rage:

"That will be enough of that," he shouted. "Stand up to receive your sentence, all of you!"

"On with the dance," said another of the defendants.

"What's that?" bellowed the dispenser of Lumber Trust justice.

"I said, 'on with the dance'," replied the logger in an even tone.

The judge glared at the offender mumbling under his breath, then in a hurried tone, without looking at these men who had laughed at his attempts to bulldoze them, he read the sentence that condemned nine innocent men to prison.

The men were surrounded by deputies and taken back to the county jail. As they were leaving the courtroom they raised their voices in song:

"Oh! Liberty, can Man resign thee. . . ."

So ended the farce in the Eureka courtroom. In the court records it is labelled, "The case of the People versus Henry Powell et al;" in reality it is the Lumber Trust and their vassals, versus The Industrial Workers of the World.

Scenes In Sacramento

The scene shifts to the county jail in Sacramento. On the fourth floor of that temple of Democracy, fifteen men are entombed. They are all workers. If one chanced to meet these men on the street, he would know at once that they were migratory workers, men of the class who harvest the crops, who build the railroads, who mine the ore, dig the coal and perform the thousand and one tasks so necessary in the great state of California.

Like the men who have just been found guilty by a jury of lumber trust serfs, they are charged with violation of the state criminal syndicalism law. By no stretch of imagination could one consider these men dangerous criminals. They are just a group of happy, carefree men who are enjoying an enforced holiday from wage slavery. Why, then, are they crowded into a loathsome, ill-smelling hole, forced to sleep on the concrete floor, because of the overcrowded condition of the jail? The an-

swer is easily found. The masters of industry fear these men as they fear the men of Eureka, and the men in San Quentin and Folsom. They fear the organizing ability of these obscure toilers. They are afraid of the potential power of the workers. They know that if the workers heed the message of industrial solidarity that these men, and their fellow workers preach, that the rule of the overlords is ended.

Sacramento is the Wall Street of Northern California. Here the financiers live, move and have their being. Here the masters come to barter, and the slaves come to sell their labor power. It is the congregating place, the mart of buyers and sellers. Here are hatched the schemes and swindles that have made "Superior California" a byword for corruption and graft. It is the capital of the state, the temple of the people; but, like the exploiters, merchants and money-changers in Jerusalem, they have made of it a den of thieves. Is it any wonder that they are frightened of these men who, despite the threat of imprisonment persist in telling the workers of the way out of bondage? They do not want the workers of Sacramento Valley to learn of the principles of the IWW. They do not want their serfs to become imbued with the spirit of industrial solidarity. That is the reason why James Elliott, William Rogers, Ray Atkinson, James Farrell, William Dawson, George Ackerman, William Lee, H. E. Hartline, John Morgan, Robert McAdams, L. A. Gibson, B. Kenny, Ralph Stevens, Mike Hurley and Thomas Ryan are in jail awaiting trial on the charge of criminal syndicalism, and why Joe Coxa died from sleeping on the cold stones of their bastille.

It is impossible to describe on paper the spirit of the men in the Sacramento county jail, as it is impossible to describe the scene in the court room or the magnificent spirit of the men confined in the twin hells of California—San Quentin and Folsom. As I write a refrain comes continually to mind

"Lend us no ear that pities!
Offer no almoner's hand!
Alms for the builders of cities!
When will you understand?
Down with your pride of birth
And your golden gods of trade!
A man is worth to his Mother, Earth,
All that a man has made!"

The industrial war continues in the Earthquake State. Long and harsh and cruel and stern has been the strife. The men in the front line trenches have never wavered. Their faith in the principles of the IWW and in the solidarity of Labor still remains firm and warm. Loyal hearts are these who go singing to prison. Can we afford to remain inactive amidst such stirring times, and while true men are being sacrificed on the altar of Mammon?

Let us give to the defense of these men the same enthusiasm that they have given to the cause of the working class.

STILL IN THE CAVE AGE, CHARMING SNAKES



From the Hell of Wage Slavery to Industrial Heaven

(Continued from page 22)

knew, workingmen, soldiers and policemen have an identity of interest and should by all logic be friends. Adroitly the masters prevent this amalgamation and induce the police and soldiers to defend capitalist property. Although there are cases on record where the police were in need of higher wages and resorted to a strike to obtain it. Here they are met by the state militia which demonstrates that the masters will go to any length and without mercy crush any or all who interfere with the prevalent system of exploitation. This is well illustrated by the policemen's strike in Boston. President Coolidge was at that time governor of Massachusetts, and has since evidenced some pride in the fact that he crushed the Boston policemen's strike. Were the police alert, to them this should be a lesson and teach them to hereafter cast their lot with other workers, and present a united front to the common enemy.

Let us summarize the whole matter in a few brief sentences thus: Cats, dogs, pigs, mules and horses have nice warm places to sleep. The animals are protected by the humane societies. For the animals this is heaven.

The children of the workers are also workers and are paid from two to eight cents an hour for their labor. Hardship is their lot and they receive no consideration at the hands of the industrial lords. This is hell for the children.

The department of agriculture expends millions of dollars each year to promote the breeding of better swine and the care of the offspring after birth. This is heaven for swine.

In the United States, every year, twenty thousand mothers die during childbirth to which the government officials pay no attention. However, on its negative side they are quite active because all advocates of birth control are summarily prosecuted. This is hell.

The capitalist class spends millions of dollars entertaining such tyrants as Lloyd George and Marshal Foch. While doing it they are in heaven.

In the year 1923 in the United States there were twelve thousand officially recorded cases of suicide, the major portion of which were attributed to poverty. Certainly this is hell.

The capitalists in the United States are so protected by the laws that they can steal from the workers or the government with equal facility. In 1838, one Samuel Swartout, while collector of the Port of New York appropriated \$1,222,705 to his own uses and after trial was acquitted with the explanation that "he was a victim of odd circumstances." Such an arrangement is heaven for the rulers. It establishes precedents by which they are enabled to buy and bribe legislatures, congresses and churches.

Not infrequently the worker is compelled by



An Ill Wind—By Steinlein.

circumstances to steal a loaf of bread to feed his starving children. After apprehension he is invariably remanded to jail, which is hell.

On the other hand the capitalist spends his summers in the north and the winters in Florida, which is heaven in either case.

The only travel the wage earner has is to and from his work. This is hell all the time.

In the United States the industrial lords are all born equal. Which is heavenly.

But let us look at the colored race in their struggle for freedom. Thousands of colored men have been lynched, but the wrath of race hatred has not been appeased for the persecution of negroes goes forward apace. Negroes, though born in the United States, are not wanted in restaurants or other public places. Also the landlords object to them as tenants and as a consequence they are compelled to live in dark holes and insanitary basements. All of which is hell with a vengeance.

Though they lose thousands of dollars at the gaming table, the rich have no cause for worry. They live in a heaven of money and are well supplied.

When the wage slave loses his job, with the rent due, it is hell.

Early in the year of 1917, during the World War, the American imperialist class decided to join the Allies in order to protect European investments made by American financiers. Thus was the millionaire's heaven apotheosized.

Some time later a draft act was passed in which preachers, priests, bishops and other professional men were exempted from military duty. No such provision was made for any part of the working classes. To the surprise of everyone they were compelled to cross the ocean, willy nilly, and fight the battles of the exploiters. The class character of the war was evident to Woodrow Wilson, who

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE AND SERFDOM (Continued from page 23.)

mercy? It was beyond the comprehension of this modern "bloody Jeffreys" with the myopic vision and prostituted mentality. His voice trembled with rage:

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Like the men who have just been found guilty by a jury of lumber trust serfs, they are charged with violation of the state criminal syndicalism law. By no stretch of imagination could one consider these men dangerous criminals. They are just a group of happy, carefree men who are enjoying an enforced holiday from wage slavery. Why, then, are they crowded into a loathsome, ill-smelling hole, forced to sleep on the concrete floor, because of the overcrowded condition of the jail? The an-

swer is easily found. The masters of industry fear these men as they fear the men of Eureka, and the men in San Quentin and Folsom. They fear the organizing ability of these obscure toilers. They are afraid of the potential power of the workers. They know that if the workers heed the message of industrial solidarity that these men, and their fellow workers preach, that the rule of the overlords is ended.

Sacramento is the Wall Street of Northern California. Here the financiers live, move and have their being. Here the masters come to barter, and the slaves come to sell their labor power. It is the congregating place, the mart of buyers and sellers. Here are hatched the schemes and swindles that have made "Superior California" a byword for corruption and graft. It is the capital of the state, the temple of the people; but, like the exploiters, merchants and money-changers in Jerusalem, they have made of it a den of thieves. Is it any wonder that they are frightened of these men who, despite the threat of imprisonment persist in telling the workers of the way out of bondage? They do not want the workers of Sacramento Valley to learn of the principles of the IWW. They do not want their serfs to become imbued with the spirit of industrial solidarity. That is the reason why James Elliott, William Rogers, Ray Atkinson, James Farrell, William Dawson, George Ackerman, William Lee, H. E. Hartline, John Morgan, Robert McAdams, L. A. Gibson, B. Kenny, Ralph Stevens, Mike Hurley and Thomas Ryan are in jail awaiting trial on the charge of criminal syndicalism, and why Joe Coxa died from sleeping on the cold stones of their bastille.

It is impossible to describe on paper the spirit of the men in the Sacramento county jail, as it is impossible to describe the scene in the court room or the magnificent spirit of the men confined in the twin hells of California—San Quentin and Folsom. As I write a refrain comes continually to mind

"Lend us no ear that pities!
Offer no almoner's hand!
Alms for the builders of cities!
When will you understand?
Down with your pride of birth
And your golden gods of trade!
A man is worth to his Mother, Earth,
All that a man has made!"

The industrial war continues in the Earthquake State. Long and harsh and cruel and stern has been the strife. The men in the front line trenches have never wavered. Their faith in the principles of the IWW and in the solidarity of Labor still remains firm and warm. Loyal hearts are these who go singing to prison. Can we afford to remain inactive amidst such stirring times, and while true men are being sacrificed on the altar of Mammon?

Let us give to the defense of these men the same enthusiasm that they have given to the cause of the working class.

STILL IN THE CAVE AGE, CHARMING SNAKES



From the Hell of Wage Slavery to Industrial Heaven

(Continued from page 22)

knew, workingmen, soldiers and policemen have an identity of interest and should by all logic be friends. Adroitly the masters prevent this amalgamation and induce the police and soldiers to defend capitalist property. Although there are cases on record where the police were in need of higher wages and resorted to a strike to obtain it. Here they are met by the state militia which demonstrates that the masters will go to any length and without mercy crush any or all who interfere with the prevalent system of exploitation. This is well illustrated by the policemen's strike in Boston. President Coolidge was at that time governor of Massachusetts, and has since evidenced some pride in the fact that he crushed the Boston policemen's strike. Were the police alert, to them this should be a lesson and teach them to hereafter cast their lot with other workers, and present a united front to the common enemy.

Let us summarize the whole matter in a few brief sentences thus: Cats, dogs, pigs, mules and horses have nice warm places to sleep. The animals are protected by the humane societies. For the animals this is heaven.

The children of the workers are also workers and are paid from two to eight cents an hour for their labor. Hardship is their lot and they receive no consideration at the hands of the industrial lords. This is hell for the children.

The department of agriculture expends millions of dollars each year to promote the breeding of better swine and the care of the offspring after birth. This is heaven for swine.

In the United States, every year, twenty thousand mothers die during childbirth to which the government officials pay no attention. However, on its negative side they are quite active because all advocates of birth control are summarily prosecuted. This is hell.

The capitalist class spends millions of dollars entertaining such tyrants as Lloyd George and Marshal Foch. While doing it they are in heaven.

In the year 1923 in the United States there were twelve thousand officially recorded cases of suicide, the major portion of which were attributed to poverty. Certainly this is hell.

The capitalists in the United States are so protected by the laws that they can steal from the workers or the government with equal facility. In 1838, one Samuel Swartout, while collector of the Port of New York appropriated \$1,222,705 to his own uses and after trial was acquitted with the explanation that "he was a victim of odd circumstances." Such an arrangement is heaven for the rulers. It establishes precedents by which they are enabled to buy and bribe legislatures, congresses and churches.

Not infrequently the worker is compelled by



An Ill Wind—By Steinlein.

circumstances to steal a loaf of bread to feed his starving children. After apprehension he is invariably remanded to jail, which is hell.

On the other hand the capitalist spends his summers in the north and the winters in Florida, which is heaven in either case.

The only travel the wage earner has is to and from his work. This is hell all the time.

In the United States the industrial lords are all born equal. Which is heavenly.

But let us look at the colored race in their struggle for freedom. Thousands of colored men have been lynched, but the wrath of race hatred has not been appeased for the persecution of negroes goes forward apace. Negroes, though born in the United States, are not wanted in restaurants or other public places. Also the landlords object to them as tenants and as a consequence they are compelled to live in dark holes and insanitary basements. All of which is hell with a vengeance.

Though they lose thousands of dollars at the gaming table, the rich have no cause for worry. They live in a heaven of money and are well supplied.

When the wage slave loses his job, with the rent due, it is hell.

Early in the year of 1917, during the World War, the American imperialist class decided to join the Allies in order to protect European investments made by American financiers. Thus was the millionaire's heaven apotheosized.

Some time later a draft act was passed in which preachers, priests, bishops and other professional men were exempted from military duty. No such provision was made for any part of the working classes. To the surprise of everyone they were compelled to cross the ocean, willy nilly, and fight the battles of the exploiters. The class character of the war was evident to Woodrow Wilson, who

as President in 1916 said: "The European war is a capitalists' war." When President Wilson made this remark the United States was a heaven of free speech.

Two years later, on June 16, 1918, Eugene V. Debs, speaking in Canton, Ohio, declared: "The workers have nothing to gain from a capitalist war." For this and similar utterances he was sentenced to serve ten years in a federal prison. This came to us as a shock, a shock from hell.

During the war the government was robbed of billions of dollars, but not a single person engaged in this gigantic steal has ever been prosecuted. Possibly this is due to the fact that the United States is a heaven for grafters.

On the other hand, the money trust began a barbarous persecution directed toward several labor organizations, particularly the IWW, many of whose valiant members were flogged and sent to jail, the crime alleged being opposition to a capitalist war and the hardihood of challenging the master's right to rob the slaves. That is hell.

For the ruling class, this land is a heaven. It is a place of Equality, Justice and Freedom.

For the workers the case is somewhat different. In the various state prisons hundreds of workingmen served sentences for opposing the war and many others were confined in the federal prisons for more than five years. The federal prisoners have finally been released, but only after a vast amount of effort and agitation. Such, in brief, is the story of the political prisoners in this land of the free.

While the soldiers were preparing for their departure to the various battlefronts, they were liberally supplied with music, chocolates and cigarettes. Incidentally each soldier was promised a farm for a home, when the war was over. For him such promises transported him to heaven.

In due course the war came to an end and the boys came home, some mutilated, others blind and shell-shocked and being in need of monetary assistance they requested a bonus. Which they received—like hell.

Fellow workers, for centuries you have been looking to the sky, while the masters of industry were robbing you. For years you have been praying, failing to get an answer from the "Divine Master." The time has now arrived when you must lay aside the bible, and devote your study hours to economics, science and history. You should realize that this is a beautiful world, rich in every way, with an abundance of food for all; there is plenty of land, stored with coal and minerals. Unfortunately, the master class has them all in their possession. You have the power to change all this. You have but to reach out and take what rightfully belongs to you. But it cannot be accomplished by prayer. You must organize on the industrial field, ever conscious of the fact that the politicians, preachers and bankers will not help

you. The only aid you will receive will be your own effort. It is clear that we are now living under an industrial autocracy, and to change this we need a thorough going organization of the working class and by this means take possession of the entire world.

Fellow workers, observe the dog. When hungry and seeing what he wants, he obtains it without asking questions. He cannot talk, nor can he reason, but his instinct, poor as it is, impels him to satisfy his natural wants. What advantage have you? You have reason, and if you use it correctly you can supply your every need.

Workers, you must unite and through unionism work for your emancipation. You must stand together, fight shoulder to shoulder and on all occasions carry the gospel of industrial unionism into every shop, mine and mill.

Your work is before you, forward with the class struggle and through solidarity you can abolish the capitalist system. With the downfall of capitalism, the ground is clear for the creation of a heaven on earth and the inauguration of working class emancipation and the Commonwealth of Toil.

HUGO STINNES

(Continued from page 10)

But let's end this review and comparison. Capitalism is capitalism, wherever found. There is no essential difference in the various brands of capitalism, wherever found. It's a philosophy of me and mine as against us and ours, the former very few and the latter very many.

However, this philosophy, in the long run, depends on us and ours. It depends on our acceptance and support of it. As long as we believe that life is only possible by permitting the Stinnes of all nationalities to exploit us, for their own exclusive profit, so long will this philosophy prevail. As long as we believe private, capitalist property is the end-all and be-all of mankind, so long will nations be butchered in order to swell it out of all proportion to the humanity which it dwarfs into insignificance.

Let's refuse to support this philosophy. Let's refuse to be hypnotized by it. Let's understand that there are other and better ways of living; for instance, co-operative and collective industry for, of, and by all instead of for a few. When we cast out the capitalist class as useless, parasitic, and destructive of human development, life will be more than one damn money bag after another; with one damn war after another, simply to distend them until they burst! It's coming; evolution is hastening it and points the way.

Come, help it along! Boom our own labor press! Organize into interlocking unions of all the industries, with compact executive administration. Organize as we work for our own improvement and emancipation.

Build the structure of the new society within the shell of the old, on the job, in the shop; throughout the nations and the world!



New Recruits in Age-Long Labor Struggle

Part of Membership of Lumber
Workers' Industrial Union,
Bangor, Me.

Busting a Boost

(Continued from page 16.)

abolish it, if possible. And so the class struggle increases in Oregon, "the land of milk and honey," a la the chamber of commerce advertisements.

The sawmill workers in Oregon are worse off than the loggers. Their wages are not as high. Their hours are 10 hours in some mills; eight in majority. The work is tense. They get \$3.60 and up a day; while the choker setter gets from \$5.25 up in the woods. The sawmill workers are largely unorganized.

At Astoria, Oregon, 70 or 80 miles from Portland, big fisheries and canneries abound. They are notorious factory hells, with their contracts, low wages and speed-up systems generally.

Bend, Oregon, is a good place to stay away from, according to D. H. Parker of Machinists' Lodge 79, who has written that there are more workers than jobs in the central Oregon city.

Things look bad for the lumber workers in Oregon. Production has been cut down about 70 per cent. Contract work for falling and bucking is the rule.

The Lumber Association went on record in their March meeting for a 25 per cent cut in wages.

The above will give some idea of what it is that the chamber of commerce advertisements have omitted.

See Oregon—but pack supplies and organize!

The Building Boom

(Continued from page 25.)

Prostration follows prosperity and prosperity, prostration, with wealth concentrating in comparatively fewer hands, and the vast majority becoming, in the meanwhile, wage earners otherwise known as wage slaves.

The latter build that others may own! They erect the towering skyscraper or country estate, and reside in the lowly cottage or crowded tenement. The tall chimneys of factories climb skyward under their skill, while their rewards stay down near the ground. And, in the end, their labors are so prolific and generous, as to cause unemployment and destruction among them.

From all of which we must conclude that while the labor head of the British Empire is "a wise guy," in boosting a building boom, his wisdom is only of a temporary character.

In other words, as U. S. experience shows, after that boom is over, English society, in fact, all society, is where it begins, i. e., with unemployment still a problem pressing for solution!

Don't be a knocker. If you must knock, knock where the knocking is good. Knock capitalism.

Beware of dry rot. Don't be satisfied with organization as it is. Improve it, improve it!



Latest type of Mallet freight locomotive, for use on railroad over Rocky Mountains. Weighs 744,000 pounds. It is 105 feet 1 7-8 inches long. Or width of 60 men in row.

The Efficiency of Capitalism

By J. A. Mac DONALD

You show the apologist for the capitalist system the barbarity of that system; that it is using the achievements of science which could be directed to ennoble, conserve, cure and develop mankind for the ruthless murder of man by man on a world scale. Buttressed with the statistics of infant mortality, you show him what capitalism is doing to the child slaves, often starved before birth; you outline the processes by which the ruling system says "suffer little children to come unto me," and then taking them in its avaricious arms red with blood, cradles them in coffins. You show him the waste and ruthlessness of a system which destroys those who might be the geniuses and enlighteners of the future, before they are a year old. You show him what the present system is doing to women, and how false are the pretensions of chivalry from the treatment of women in industry; that the social convention of taking off one's hat to women does not justify either a highwayman or a capitalist in the robbery of women; that courtesy in the method does not excuse a system which says to the sisters of the workers, "you are no longer wanted in the industries which produce commodities, there are too many of you, but one of our other industries, prostitution, has a vacancy for you." You show him the inherent outrage and loot of the workers which is the fundamental of our present civilization, the denial of decency and democracy where these are most essential—on the job.

Finally, driven from one faulty argument to the next, the apologist for the capitalist system reaches the argument of the economic bats who are the wise old owls in the night of the present system, and you are told:

"Capitalism is far from ideal, but this is not an ideal world. You must be a realist. The means by which efficiency can be attained are not ideal, they are sometimes brutal, but capitalism gets efficiency."

And when the apologist for capitalism gets this far, he leans back with a self-satisfied smirk. He considers that here is an argument that is unanswerable. Many short-sighted workers, bearing on their bodies the marks of the efficiency of capitalism agree with him.

The Efficiency of Unemployment

The efficiency of capitalism! At the present time there are approximately 10,000,000 workers unemployed on the North American continent. According to the latest governmental reports each worker produces on an average about twenty dollars' worth of wealth each working day. Since this was arrived at, owing to the acceleration of the development of the machine this amount has been increased, and it is well within the truth that unemployment represents a productive loss of one billion dollars every four days. This amount, which is lost through the efficiency of capitalism, would build 330,000 homes costing five thousand dollars each week.

In every city one can see battalions of this immense army of labor denied even the right to work—a right which labor never had. In every division point and at water tanks one can see their camp fires illumine the night. In these jungles of the working class, due to the jungles of capitalism, one finds shoemakers with their toes sticking out through the remnants telling their owners of the efficiency of capitalism,—an efficiency which puts shoemakers into the jungles or the bread lines, while millions of workers are without shoes, and the machines that could be making shoes are idle, rusting.

Listening for the whistle of the freight which is



The World's Reconstructor

to bring them from the jungles at the division points to the jungles in the cities, are tailors without decent clothing. The machines of steel and iron and the machines of flesh and blood for the making of clothing are idle and unused with millions ill clad.

Those who could be producing food and to spare that all the world might eat, are boiling "seconds" from coffee grounds by camp fires in a world which is crying for bread.

And with these are the lumberjacks who should be producing logs; the carpenters who should be making the lumber into homes. But they are idle in a world where millions are homeless.

But why further enumerate the ever increasing loss through the social waste of unemployment—the incalculable waste in wealth, and the waste in the greatest of all social values, in the degeneration of that which creates all values, the workers. They die

under the wheels of the trains which they have made. They are run over while passing through the tunnels they have built. They starve in the deserts they have reclaimed and made fertile. They are strangers and pariahs in the cities they have built. In the waste places of the earth the coyotes sing their burial services, and with it the requiem of a system which destroys and degenerates the source of all that creates its wealth. And this is the efficiency of unemployment, just one feature of the efficiency of the capitalist system.

The Efficiency of Wasted Labor

The efficiency of capitalism! That is well displayed in the millions of men who are working, yet producing nothing of social value, or worse, whose activity is anti-social. In the modern cities under capitalism there is an amount of useless and wasted labor that would be sufficient, if properly directed, to destroy disease, enlighten mankind, and forever clean the earth of the scourge of poverty. There is an enormous rush and bustle, but the amount of labor that is sufficient to level off the Rocky Mountains in a year is expended uselessly. We find thousands of business establishments selling the same product. A woman goes four or five miles from the east end of the city to the west end to buy some article and has it delivered. At the same time another woman from the west end of the city goes to the east end and has the same article delivered. The two delivery wagons meet each other at great speed on their foolish waste of time and effort, which is known as business efficiency. Thousands of useless clerks do their work for hundreds of useless business institutions, where under a sane system two or three central stores would be sufficient. Millions of dollars are wasted each week in useless advertising, such as "buy your Pears soap at Robem's," met by "buy your Pears soap at Skinem's" and the rest of the insanity which adds to the selling price of the commodity without adding in the least to the social value of the product. Hundreds of salesmen, middlemen, wholesalers all part of an inefficient commercial system are part of the "efficiency of capitalism."

We find competing factories, each with its separate staff of salesmen, with its million dollar advertising fund, engaged in taking a few grains of some food cereal, adding immense quantities of air—the greater the amount of air the more nourishing the product. A product denatured and puffed with air and touted with hot air is sold at a fancy price in fancy wrappers, and all that the people get for the vast outlay of labor involved in this competition is a difference of name and a difference of color in the paper in which it is sold. I have not the space to go into these wastes fully, but the waste in useless labor is equal at least to the waste in unemployment.

Waste in Destructive Mental Opium

But this useless labor in feeding you air is not so serious as the useless labor in feeding air loaded with opiates for the mind. The printing of newspapers and other publications represents in the in-

involved distribution of the present system an outlay of labor that is enormous. The printing press could be an immense social force for human enlightenment, to guide and light man along the rugged road of human progress. Instead, the enormous force represented by the printing press and by the almost human machinery is largely lost or worse.

What is the average magazine when it is not touting the mediocrities that capitalism needs in the political life of nations, the blind that lead the blind into the pit of reaction and ruin? We learn that all lumberjacks are heroes unless they belong to a union—then they are villains. And all the heroes marry the boss' daughter so that logging camps are filled with camp superintendents living happily ever after.

There is danger that cowboys will get forty a month after furnishing their own horse and saddle. Into the breach comes a magazine editor. Montgomery Ward cowboys, clad in the gay regalia of the western plains according to the specification in chapter 10 of the story of the west written by the maiden lady of Back Bay, Boston, leave Chicago with their spurs on, after visiting the Stock Yards to get the proper atmosphere. The cowboys are saved from forty a month and for industrial slavery and all is well with the world under the best of all possible social systems.

Romance and No Work

There are not enough miners to cut the wages to the standards of the boss. A thriller, all romance and no work is written, and men looking for the romance come west to grow up with the country. And they grow up like the country—all full of humps and hollows. The humps are on their backs not their stomachs, and the hollows in their heads and pockets. The efficiency of labor wasted or worse than wasted, the labor of the workers used to stultify the thought processes of the people are part of the efficiency of capitalism.

And the banalities of the moving picture. But most of them, coming from California, where the cattle caught the hoof and mouth disease from the politicians of that state, are boycotted.

The efficiency of Capitalism. Capitalism spends billions every year on the North American continent to make the people moral, virtuous, to make them law respecting without the logical effort to make the laws respectable in themselves and in their enforcement. Virtue and morality are noble, admirable, but as the apologist for capitalism puts it, "This is not an ideal world. You must be a realist." And as realists we must realize that while capitalism may strive to preach that honesty is the best policy, capitalism while legal cannot afford to be honest; that it is itself based fundamentally on the robbery of the workers. As realists we must recognize that the survival of the slickest is the biology of capitalism. When it speaks of honesty it is not saying that clothing is made of shoddy but that honesty is paying the price of wool for the shoddy. Capitalism is based on the mythical thing,

"honor among thieves." Its morality is not written on an honest typewriter; it is written on a cash register. While it prates of honesty the realistic truth is that capitalism places a premium on dishonesty and that the man who wants an honest system must first abolish the present one. And as a result we find that while capitalism spends billions on institutions to make people honest, virtuous, law abiding, in every way except by the precept of example, because these institutions do not work, it has to spend in the United States a half billion dollars according to the statistics of 1923, for punishing those who break its laws. The emphasis on the need for honesty, and the increase in crime due to the dishonesty of the present system are phenomena under capitalism. Man is not naturally vile, rotten, corrupt. The average man is a decent individual, but unfortunately he is living in a system where decency is not marketable, and where the ethics of the market place emphasize and call forth all that is most vile and corrupt in the nature of man. Capitalism's own statistics show the inefficiency of its system for making men moral and its efficiency in creating criminals.

Capitalist Efficiency in Operation in Calgary

Recently I was in Calgary, Alberta, and found another of the indications of the efficiency of capitalism which is so evident to the observer on every hand. Thousands of workers lured by the siren songs of prosperity had bought their own homes. They had believed in that "prosperity" which is one of the mirages of the present system. Then in the dark years of 1914 to 1919 they went to France under the lure of another siren song: "A world fit for heroes to live in." Then some of them came back to the darker years of undiluted Wilsonian democracy. And now they are living in the era of capitalistic efficiency in a world where war is ended. But they are not living in their own homes. More than half of the homes in Calgary are owned by the city, taken over for the taxes.

But this was in Canada, unblessed with the full effulgency of democracy such as exists on the other side of the line where they have the Ku Klux Klan. But the last day I was in Calgary I found on picking up one of the papers that a similar efficiency exists on the other side of the line where they have complete democracy mixed with crude oil, all the hallucinations of grandeur and the psychosis that they are still living under the American constitution. Here it was the story of the city of Salem, where they did not have enough money to feed the prisoners in the city jail during the months of May and June, and were forced to release them. Horrible! Conceive of men convicted of vagrancy, the crime of being without work or money, being turned loose on an unprotected society! But there was even worse in the story. I shed a silent tear for

city officials who could not be paid, and who had to go to work. I was sympathetic, for I know better than they the horror of work under this efficient system. Even city officials themselves must be beginning to doubt the efficacy of a system that can no longer support city officials.

The efficiency of capitalism! The efficiency of disease and death. Some years ago, Doctor Woods Hutchinson, one of the great authorities of the world on medical matters, made the statement that within the period of ten years the medical profession could eradicate the white plague, tuberculosis, if they were permitted to get real sanitation, to destroy the breeding places of the germs which each year are responsible for one out of every seven deaths on the North American continent. These germs breed in the dark atmosphere of poverty where the germicidal sunlight cannot enter, is caused by ill feeding and inhuman conditions. But capitalism for its existence demands the same conditions as the tuberculosis germ, and consequently germs fill the place where is to be found the only democracy that can exist under the present system—the democracy of death in the graveyards. The efficiency of capitalism still permits these unnecessary deaths. It has been so busy in its dollar chasing that it has not made the, for it, desirable change of educating these microscopic germs so they can tell a capitalist from a worker.

The Efficiency of Insanity

But there is a disease more dread than the slow lingering decline graveward of tuberculosis; the living death of insanity. An expert on this subject within the last month made the statement that if the present percentage of increase in this disease were continued the entire world would be insane in another forty years. The whole world will be as insane as the capitalist system in forty years unless the workers take a hand in the management of industry and the reclamation of humanity from the scourge of the present system. Either the workers will organize or within forty years the entire world will be crazy, and being crazy, fitted to admire the efficiency of capitalism, a social system as demented as ever formed the hallucination of a mad house.

Under capitalism there can be but one sanity, the sanity of revolt. But one efficiency, and that the efficiency of seeking to build a new society that will be efficiency, a noble mansion in which the workers of the world can express their spirit of workmanship, and find scope for their creative instincts. And when this mansion of the future has been erected we can complete cleaning out the cesspool of the present system and put on its present location a septic tank for the purification of the filth that will in part be the legacy of the present to the future, until the entire world has been cleaned from the efficiency of capitalism.



WOBBLES

IT'S COMING

Mistress (as new cook arrives accompanied)—
We don't want a cook with a family.

Cook—She ain't me daughter; she's me sec'etary.

SURE! WHY?

College Youth—I'm taking political economy this year, dad.

Country Father—That's a useless course! Why learn to econermize in politics? It ain't bein' done.

ALL THEY EVER GET!

The porter stood before the traveling capitalist in an expectant attitude.

"Well, George," said the capitalist, chafingly, "can I give you anything?"

"Whatever your generosity permits, sir," answered the porter.

"Well, boys," replied the capitalist, turning to his companions and winking, "what do you say to giving the porter three cheers?"

SMART ALECK GETS HIS

After a painless process of rejection there were five applicants for the post of errand boy left for the head of the firm himself to interview.

It was one of his flippant mornings, and he sought to amuse himself by asking the eager boys puzzling and quite irrelevant questions to test their general knowledge.

"How far away from the earth is the North Star?" was the question he fired at the third shiny-faced youngster.

"I'm sorry I cannot give you the exact figure off hand, sir," was the reply, "but on rough estimate I should say that it is far enough away not to interfere with me running errands."

He got the job.

HAD TOO MANY ALREADY

Lee Tulin tells the following story of a member of I. U. 110 who went to work in a mine for the first time. It might be well to explain that the expression used here, "take five" means take a short rest.

This husky young hay hand went to work in the "Uncle Sam" mine at Bisbee, Arizona. He was given a job as car-man, and his duties consisted of loading ore from the chute into a car and pushing the car to the station where it could be hoisted to the surface.

No one had informed him as to the quantity of work required in a shift, and, as there happened to be two cars at the chute, he loaded both and started to push them to the station. The distance was about a quarter of a mile and the track rough and uneven. He was sweating and grunting and making very little headway when the shift boss appeared. "Why don't you take five?" asked the boss. "Take five, Hell! shouted the exasperated hayhand, "I'm doing damn well to take two."

DONT GO BUGHOUSE OVER CAPITALISM



READ WOBBLES AND RETAIN YOUR SANITY.

OUR OPEN FORUM SPUTIFIERS

A Southern Negro minister, says the Boston Transcript, who was given to the use of big words and complicated discourse, was waited upon by the church committee and told that his style of preaching was not all that could be desired.

"Don't I argify and sputify?" inquired the minister.

"Yes, yo' done argify and sputify," responded a member of the committee, "but yo' don't show wherein."

Which calls to mind some of our open forum orators. They "argify" and "sputify," without showing "wherein."

AMBIDEXTROUS

The Irish applicant for a slave's job, was signing his yellow dog contract, and in the midst of same moved his pen from his right hand into his left. The possible future boss said, "Well, Pat, I notice that you are able to use either hand!"

"Yis," answered Mike, "me father, God rist his soul, taught me that. He says to me, says he, 'Terence, learn to cut your fingernails with your left hand, because you never know when you'll lose your right.'"

DOUBLING UP

"Mustache" MacDonald is responsible for this one: I was working at Rexford, Montana, loading ties on a box car. My partner was a husky Swede who insisted on carrying a tie all by himself. I sat down and let him do the work. The foreman appeared and shouted, "Hey there! double up on those ties!" The Swede went back and took two ties and carried them into the car.

Dan McGann

By DUBLIN DAN

Said Dan McGann to a foreign man,

Who sat with him on a bench:

"Let me tell you this," and for emphasis,

He flourished a Stillson wrench,

"Don't talk to me of the bourgeoisie,

Don't open your lips to speak.

Of the socialist or the anarchist,

Don't mention the bolshevik.

"I've heard enough of your foreign stuff,

I'm as sick as a man can be

Of the speech of hate, and I'm telling you straight,

That this is the land for me;

If you want to brag, take a look at our flag,

And boast of its field of blue,

Boast of the dead whose blood was shed

For the peace of the likes of you.

"I'll have no more," and he waved once more,

His wrench, in a forceful way,

"Of the cunning creed of the Russian breed,

But I stand for the USA.

I'm sick of your fads and your wild-eyed lads,

Don't flourish your flag so red—

Where I can see, or at night there'll be,

Tall candles around your head.

So tip your hat to a flag like that,

Thank God for its stripes and stars,

Thank God you are here, where the roads are clear,

Away from the kings and czars

And don't you speak of the bolshevik,

I'm sick of the stuff, I am—

One God, one flag, that's the creed I brag,

I'm boosting for Uncle Sam."

REPLY

The "foreign" man looked at Dan McGann,

And in perfect English, said:

"I cannot see, for the life of me,

What you have got in your head.

You boast and brag 'bout the grand old flag

And the foes you put to rout,

When you haven't a pot in which to spit,

Or a window to throw it out.

You howl and kick about the bolshevik,

The anarchist and wob—

You defend this rotten system when

You don't even own your job.

"Immigration laws would be 'jake' with you

If they kept out the Russian Finn,

The German Jew, and the Frenchman too,

And just let the Irish in;

You're full of that religious bunk

And the priest on your life has a lease—

You're not even blest, like some of the rest,

With the sense that God gave geese;

You're a rank disgrace to the human race,

You're one of those grand mistakes,

Who came from the land, from which I understand,

St. Patrick drove the snakes.

"The boss told you, and you think it's so,

And I guess it is at that,

That your head is a place on top of your face,

Which is meant to hold your hat.

If a thought ever entered your ivory dome—

Which I am inclined to doubt—

You would not rest till you'd done your best

To drive the 'foreigner' out.

You kick about the strangers here,

But you give no reason why—

And without those so-called 'foreigners,'

How would you get by?

"You're working for an Englishman,

You room with a French Canuck,

You board in a Swedish restaurant

Where a Dutchman cooks your chuck;

You buy your clothes from a German Jew,

Your shoes from a Russian Pole,

And you place your hope in a Dago pope,

To save your Irish soul.

You're an 18 carat scissor-bill,

You're a regular brainless gem—

But the time's at hand when you'll have to stand

For the things you now condemn.

"So throw away your Stillson wrench,

You booster for Uncle Sam,

For the language you use, when you're full of booze,

Doesn't scare me worth a damn—

Go fight and be damned, for your glorious flag,

And the boss who is robbing you;

One Union Grand, that's where I stand;

I'm boosting the OBU."

FROM SWEDEN

In behalf of a small but active bunch of fellow workers over here, I have been asked to urge you to insert a small article in the "Pioneer" telling the Scandinavian workers over in the States to devote some of their energy and time to the getting out of a Scandinavian IWW paper. First, because such a paper will be of immense value to the Scandi-

navian immigrant worker in the States in learning the general conditions as they are and how to improve them.

Secondly, it will be of great value over here to the future emigrant in getting some facts, as practically all news from the States at present is anti-socially colored.

C. G. Anderson,



The Upper Class

(Fragment from a play "Vulgarity," By Benzion Liber)

In Eagle's house. Time: 1913. Place: New York.

Drawing room. Stylish, but tasteless furniture.

Guests, among whom two are women, all belonging to the wealthy class.

When the curtain is raised, Fanny is in conversation with the guests, who have grouped themselves around her. Eagle is discussing with Wealthon in another part of the room; they smoke and talk inaudibly; after a while they get up, walk a little to and fro in the room, go out talking and later come back.

FANNY—You must not forget that life in Russia is not at all like here.

FIRST GUEST—Of course, of course. You have an aristocracy which dictates the forms and conventions to the people as a whole and so the rabble . . .

FANNY—You are greatly mistaken about that. They are freer from conventionalism in Russia than you are here. Even the aristocracy is less conventional. Besides, the Russian aristocracy which you Americans seem to adore so much is strictly separated from the people. We have two different distinct nations, one of which is the conquered and submerged nation.

SECOND GUEST—Would it not be more correct to say: one is the uneducated class and the other. . .

RASCARD—The miseducated class. (All laugh).

FANNY—You are right there.

RASCARD—And both are always drunk.

FANNY—Never mind that, Mr. Rascard, there is a great difference.

RASCARD—Of course, the difference between champagne and vodka.

FANNY—Well, we do have a large uneducated class, but if the others are educated, it is at the expense of the first ones.

FIRST GUEST—Which is as it should be. Who, pray, should keep up those who teach the people and take care of them, if not those who are being taught and taken care of?

FANNY—But the teachers and the caretakers are very reluctant to teach and are careful to neglect the welfare of their charge.

THIRD GUEST—What a difference between our American democracy where everybody has an opportunity to . . .

RASCARD—To steal or to starve . . .

THIRD GUEST—We don't mind Mr. Rascard. He is an old joker and he is proud of his cynicism. . . You cannot deny that we all have an opportunity . . .

RASCARD—Certainly. Everybody may become President of the United States. A hundred million presidents . . .

THIRD GUEST—(Good humoredly) Oh, please, let

me finish. I meant to say that our democracy is superior to . . .

FIRST GUEST—Not at all, not at all! WE are really the aristocracy here.

FIRST GUEST—But . . .

FANNY—(Laughs aloud) You have no idea with what contempt a real Russian nobleman would look down on an American capitalist!

FANNY—I know, they respect your money, your ability to make money, but they would not exchange places with you. Many of them have too fine an artistic temperament for that.

FOURTH GUEST—All of our rich men are art lovers too.

RASCARD—Some art lovers!

FIRST GUEST—They all buy pictures, at least.

RASCARD—And sometimes they look at them too.

FANNY—But some of our noble families have also produced artists and writers.

FIRST GUEST—I know that. I have read in the papers that you have quite a rich literature.

SEVENTH GUEST—(Coming in from an adjoining room) The Great Climax is a wonder.

FANNY—What is it? A new book?

FIFTH GUEST—Book? Who reads books? It is a race horse! He made me lose some money.

FANNY—So you people prefer racing to reading . . .

FOURTH GUEST—Oh, please, make no mistake, everybody reads in this country. Something or other.

RASCARD—But what?

FOURTH GUEST—We have but few illiterates.

FANNY—I know, I know.

RASCARD—But we read mainly newspapers. And considering what they contain we might as well forget our alphabet. It would be wonderful if the writers could also forget how to write.

FOURTH GUEST—Oh, Mr. Rascard! . . . Of course, real high-brow literary works are written for professional consumption only, for the inner circle . . .

FOURTH GUEST—I mean the writers themselves, their friends and those who aspire to become writers.

FANNY—What are you doing in your spare time?
 ALL GUESTS—(Together—except Rascard) Spare time? Spare time? What's that?
 FANNY—When you don't When your occupation, whatever it is, is over?
 RASCARD—Our occupation is to occupy others.
 FIRST GUEST—I am always working.
 THIRD GUEST—I am always busy.
 FIFTH GUEST—I have always several irons in the fire.
 SECOND GUEST—My work is never done. I never cease to
 FIFTH GUEST—It is difficult to explain. Our work is subtle, mostly invisible. For instance, take myself. Not a quiet moment for me! When I read the newspaper over my coffee, I'll note something of importance to my business. When I see my managers and hear their reports—that is, of course, hard work. When I am at the club, it is for business purposes. Chatting with friends is never idle talk. Even telling a joke or listening to one has its value
 RASCARD—In dollars and cents.
 SEVENTH GUEST—Surely. It is used out somehow
 FANNY—(To Seventh Guest) How about racing?
 SEVENTH GUEST—Oh! that is the most splendid occasion to finish hanging transactions. And then, all sports are nothing but business.
 RASCARD—But business is not a sport.
 SEVENTH GUEST—Why, racing gives you a chance to meet on the same ground those who otherwise would be lost customers
 RASCARD—Merely transporting the race from one field to another.
 FANNY—And when you, ladies, are having your little innocent games in the afternoon
 RASCARD—Not so innocent!
 FOURTH GUEST—Why, through our mutual female entertainments we continue what our husbands have begun.
 FANNY—But there must be some leisure. When you go to see a show?
 RASCARD—It is to show ourselves. An art show is the art to show off.
 SECOND GUEST—It is to meet those whom we must meet. My husband
 FANNY—Yet, nobody forces you to buy a picture!
 FIRST GUEST—Who speaks about forcing? However, some things . . must be done whether we like them or not. Spending money for art objects is not a vain gesture. Our standing in the business world demands it.
 RASCARD—Besides, the papers write about it . . .
 FANNY—An expensive advertisement!
 RASCARD—Now naive, Mrs. Eagle! You don't know what advertisements cost nowadays.
 FANNY—But Eagle told me that you're all good-hearted and charitable.
 ALL GUESTS—(Together) Of course, we are!
 RASCARD—Our right hand never knows what our left hand is taking.

FANNY—And you are not going to tell me that charity is business!
 ALL GUESTS—(Laugh) Ha, ha, ha!
 RASCARD—Charity is a business, but business knows no charity.
 FOURTH GUEST—I wouldn't put it that way.
 THIRD GUEST—Charity and business are inseparable. One is on one side of the medal
 RASCARD—Of the coin, you mean.
 FANNY—I am speaking of charity as such. I know that charity cannot exist without poverty and that poverty cannot exist without your various businesses. But
 ALL GUESTS—(Except Rascard) Oh, Mrs. Eagle!
 RASCARD—We are awfully charitable! We go so far as to underpay our men and women so that there are people who need our charity.
 ALL GUESTS—(Except Rascard) Oh, Mr. Rascard!
 RASCARD—You see, charity is a divine virtue and we do not want it to disappear.
 SEVENTH GUEST—This is a joke, but
 SIXTH GUEST—Not at all
 FIFTH GUEST—You misrepresent
 FOURTH GUEST—How rough
 THIRD GUEST—I protest
 FIRST GUEST—Please, oh, please
 (All nearly at the same time).
 SECOND GUEST—Allow me to say that it is too coarsely explained.
 THIRD GUEST—Especially for unaccustomed ears.
 FANNY—Oh, this is not strange to me. I have been a student of the social problem since long and I have criticized your class relentlessly. . . .
 RASCARD—Tut! tut!
 SEVENTH GUEST—That's all right. That's why you are so charming. Such intellectuals as you. . . .
 FIFTH GUEST—Those are the most useful people, provided
 FANNY—No, gentlemen, I have not abandoned my activity among the working people.
 FIRST GUEST—Quite right. You need not do that. We are all trying to improve the life of the poor.
 FOURTH GUEST—It is our religious duty.
 RASCARD—It is a harmless amusement that keeps us busy.
 FANNY—By the way, I think I have found a phase of life where you are yourself and forget business. When you go to church and concentrate your thoughts upon
 THIRD GUEST—Correct. But even there we do not escape our fate entirely. Church-going is mostly a necessary duty. And so is the congregational and social work connected with the church or synagogue.
 FANNY—How about love? (Guests all glance at each other).
 FIFTH GUEST—Alas! It is often mixed with business and inheritance and other interests!

RASCARD—None can tell the difference and none can tell which pollutes which.

FANNY—(Laughing) But here I caught you! You have certainly relaxed tonight, in our house. With the exception of Mr. Wealthon, who had to see Eagle on some important question, you are all my guests.

SEVENTH GUEST—This is not entirely so for me. I am waiting for the outcome of the conference between your husband and Wealthon.

FIRST GUEST—The same with me—although I have enjoyed your company so much. And as far as I know all these ladies and gentlemen, except Mr. Rascard . . .

OTHER GUESTS—(Except Rascard) (together) Exactly.

(Silence for a little while. Fanny is very serious and absorbed in her thoughts).

RASCARD—Yes, our market is everywhere!

(They all turn to Eagle and Wealthon, who had come back into the room a little before. They both came closer to the group of guests. Fanny, waking up from her thoughts, presses a button and a servant brings in a tray with cups and cakes. The guests seat themselves, only Eagle standing).

EAGLE—Yes, we are through. We have completed a new plan which has been worked out this morning at my office; a plan to break their stubbornness and tomorrow you will get a confidential communication which will give you all the details. It will also show you how to deal with the little fellows.

SEVENTH GUEST—You mean the . . .

EAGLE—I mean the small manufacturers who claim they cannot stand it any longer.

FIFTH GUEST—How about the . . . others?

WEALTHON—One of them, the wildest of them, the most terrible disturber of those simple minds will be arrested soon. Our detective agency has prepared enough evidence . . .

FANNY—(Listening with intense interest) Who is it, Eagle?

EAGLE—(Trying to evade the answer) Oh, it is unimportant.

WEALTHON—A fellow whom they call. . . (Eagle pulls him by his sleeve) . . . what do they call him? A fanatic! They'll make short shrift of him. (Fanny goes out unnoticed, except by Eagle).

EAGLE—And now, ladies and gentlemen, permit me to say a few words of criticism. While talking with Mr. Wealthon, I listened to your conversation. That is, I heard something from time to time and I know its trend. Let me tell you that you are not doing justice to yourselves. You describe yourselves as a class of . . . of . . .

RASCARD—Monsters.

EAGLE—And this little lady, (showing to the door through which Fanny had gone out), may get an erroneous view of your lives.

RASCARD—Oh, we are pure angels!

EAGLE—But you can never tell how it will be in-



terpreted and how words travel. Mrs. Eagle here has not interrupted all her relations with . . . with . . .

THIRD GUEST—(With a wink of one eye) That's all right. That is in our favor.

EAGLE—But she is naive.

RASCARD—Not so naive if she became your wife.

FIRST GUEST—You are right, Mr. Eagle. We have to be careful. A few days ago one of my . . . intelligence men who is a member of the union and is bringing me daily reports of its meetings, showed me a speech of one of their leaders. It was a perfect description of my life and that of my friends. I wonder how they know such things.

EAGLE—Oh, don't think that those people are stupid!

THIRD GUEST—Why, only yesterday I overheard some of them talk to each other right under my window.

RASCARD—The vermin!

SECOND and FOURTH GUESTS—Oh!

RASCARD—Yes! And we—psst! we're among ourselves—the vermin of the vermin.

THIRD GUEST—Since their shops have moved up, they have invaded the avenue and they are coming more and more. Why, after lunch there are hundreds of them near my house!

RASCARD—Where are the good old days when we could chase the rabble with a whip?

SECOND GUEST—It must be awful for your wife to live there.

THIRD GUEST—And think of my children! I am one of the few respectable people who still cling to the avenue. But it has become unbearable and I have just bought another house further up town.

EAGLE—And now, ladies and gentlemen, let us join the larger company in the next room.

(The End.)

Another Migratory Diary

By JAMES PRICE, Seattle, Wash.

I READ "A Migratory Worker's Diary" by James Foy in the February Pioneer. I will say it beat me hollow. He made \$549.82 and some board as well. I made the grand total of \$162.49 and no board at all!

I went to both city and masonic employment offices every day I was not working and stayed around them quite a lot, but could not seem to obtain a job hardly and yet the papers are full of prosperity. I have not seen it for some time now!

The IWW paper here printed two of my letters, one about the Jim Hill road, G. N., and one about the fly cops at Los Angeles, the biggest robbing and lying place I was ever in, so I thought I would send you this.

I have belonged to three unions: viz., the structural iron workers, linemen, and maintenance of way men; but I got no satisfaction from any of them, only pay my dues. I do not belong to anything now, only the masons. But if I have any money will join the wobblies next time.

Well, here is the year's work:

Diamond Ice Co., 4 hours, unloading spuds, \$2.25; Cowen, Park & 64th St., filling and building garage, 9 days, \$40.50; 13 Terry Ave., helping a woman to

move furniture, \$4.00; unloading sheet iron fixtures for 14 hours, 8.40; Johnson Co., 13 1-2 hours, \$8.10; Whiton Hardware Co, 16 hours, \$8.00; Associated Oil Co., digging for a drain, 19 hrs., \$10.67; digging foundations 8 hrs., \$4.50; E. Olive St., cleaning up old shingles around a house, 7 hrs., \$5.00; marble works, Westlake, unpacking shipment of marble, 23 hours, \$11.47; unloading 2 carloads phonographs, S. Clay & Co., 6 hrs., \$3.00; digging and repairing broken pipe, E. Mercer St., 5 hrs., \$2.50; night clerk for two weeks at this hotel (Fujii, prop.), \$42.00; unloading and stowing away tile flooring, 24th & Jefferson, 5 1-2 hrs., \$4.10; Porter Furniture Co., stacking away shipment, 4 hrs., \$2.00; unloading two carloads furniture, Railroad Ave., S., 8 hrs., \$4.00; total \$162.49. Part of this work I secured through the City Employment Office and part through the Masons'.

I drew \$50.00 interest on two bonds I have; \$25 I borrowed from the Masons; I owe the Jap hotel man \$16.00 room rent now and the Jap restaurant man \$7.50 as well. But that is all business.

I will swear this is all true; every word of it is from the victim of capitalists and liars.

P. S.—I am 50 years of age now.



The Twentieth Century

By EDWARD JAMES IRVINE

WITNESS the grief-torn mother of a son
Who lies within a ditch, (Life's battle done)
Torn from his loved ones by the stern
command

Of those who held his destiny in hand.

What tremulous pen could e'er describe such shame?
Ruins of red the rulers yield for fame
(A fire that circles round a mortal head,
Leaving the heart unsatisfied, unfed)

Know you the standard that waves o'er? 'Tis gold,
That, for which happiness is sold!
A sentinel called Greed with blazing eyes
Gazes upon a world which wasted, lies,
Leers upon homeless ones without a door
To enter, Lo! and laughs, "'Tis as of yore,
When gladiators fought to please a throng
Of brainless beings who encouraged wrong."

Descend! O! darkness, o'er this mimic play!
The sentry from his post is led away,
Relieved by Famine, Mankind, you did chide
The bards departed, they who sought to guide
Man's faltering footsteps to a paradise,
Yet, ever their sage counsel you despise.

Life is the world's birthright, so, may revolt
Strike down Earth's tyrants like a thunderbolt!

Thirty-eight

2,000,000 Leave Farms

"Farmers are being starved off the land at the rate of 100,000 a month, eliminated as income tax payers and their purchasing power cut in two," said Congressman John W. Summers of the Farm Export League to representatives of the press.

Danger that the sacrifice of the American farmer to industro-financial policy will go too far is seen in the announcement of the department of agriculture that **the net loss of farm population to the cities since 1920 has amounted to between 1,700,000 and 2,000,000.** Experts fear that the agricultural system will be unduly run down and that farming will go out of fashion.

NO HAND JOB

Mrs. Lafferty.—Ten stitches did the doctor have to take in me ould man after the fight last night.

Mrs. O'Hara.—Tin. Was that all? Sure, when the doctor seen me poor husband carried in this morning he says: "Has any wan got a sewing machine?—**Boston Transcript.**"

A well-read worker is a well-equipped worker, an understanding worker, an organized worker. Increase his number by pushing the labor press and distributing labor literature.

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

Snakes and "Seam-Squirrels"

By ADAM NOIR

A Story of the Southern Levees with their Strange Crews and Stranger Perversions of Libertarian Ideals.

THE work was not hard; just piling brush and mowing patches of Spanish needles and beggar-lice—and pausing occasionally to kill a too friendly moccasin. Much of the boys' time was spent in observation; taking mental note of their surroundings.

They could not understand why every root and particle of wood was being grubbed out of the "right of way;" or why the great trench was dug down the center. At the first opportunity William asked the foreman about it.

He was a friendly sort of fellow and explained that a levee, or dyke, to stand for any length of time, must be composed of pure earth; any particle of wood left in it would eventually rot and leave a seep hole which would gradually grow until the whole embankment was undermined.

Of perhaps greater interest than the work, was the crew. William had worked as a delivery boy for a Memphis grocery, and supposed he was familiar with all kinds of people. James had worked in a shop with a German, an Irishman and two Mexicans. Neither of them had ever met people like this crew.

When James asked his fellow workers where they came from, some said New York, some Chicago, some Philadelphia; others named various places. All places named, the boys knew, were American cities; but all seemed very, very far away.

One lad from Chicago was careful to explain that they had been brought down there because the natives were too lazy to work, and besides, "were not able to do a real man's work." When the boy heard this, they resolved to keep secret the fact that they were born and reared in the adjoining county.

They had been told that the workday was from seven a. m. to six p. m., with an hour for dinner. When six o'clock came, the foreman did climb up on a pile of earth and announced the fact, but the crew seemed in no hurry to quit. Some of them quit of course; among these, the two boys, for they only hired on at one o'clock and were hungry. Others lingered about as if they actually loved their tasks. The foreman was constrained to tell one of them: "Leave that stump alone and go on to camp. You'll have plenty of time tomorrow to finish up—if I don't take a notion to fire you."

Well pleased with the prospect of an early supper, and proud of the fact that in only a half a day they had earned sixty-two and a half cents—full wages for grown men—the boys lost no time in reaching camp and locating the cook-house.

If they thought their fellow workingmen a

strange crew, before, that belief became a certainty when they came together at supper. There were great piles of food on the table, but each one seemed afraid he would not get his share unless he hurried. The noises they made did sound like pigs eating swill, but when William watched them perform, he was reminded of Gyp and Lead, two permanently hungry old hounds belonging to a negro neighbor.

And they had such peculiar names for food. When James asked for potatoes, the man at his elbow said: "Say, Shorty, pass this kid the spuds." When he desired cream for his coffee, the same helpful neighbor cried: "Chase the cow down this way, the calf's a-bawlin'!"

The crew slept in little tents, four men to each. When the boys entered the one assigned to them, they found the lad from Chicago and his bed-mate, stripped to the waist and busy picking something from the inner seams of their shirts. The Chicago lad said they were "seam-squirrels," but the other one explained that they were really "grey-backs." William took one in his fingers and, after examination, said it resembled the pictures of "body lice" he had seen in books on Entomology.

Now, the boys had been taught that to become lousy was a disgrace, and that to remain lousy was an unpardonable sin. To consciously permit themselves to become lousy was a violation of the moral code. They began to discuss the proposition of leaving at once.

"But you can't leave," said the lad from Chicago. "God knows, I'd be gone from here now if I could get away. Guess you'll have to stay 'til the job's done. You'll get used to the seam-squirrels."

"I'd like to know how come I can't leave if I want to?" demanded James.

"Why, because you can't. They won't let you. The camp guards will shoot any man that goes beyond that line of trees the other side of the road. After night, they don't even let you get that far."

The boys did not believe this, but when Chicago raised the edge of the tent and pointed out the armed guard, they were convinced.

"Huh," grunted William, "I'll bet I could slip by those guards and they'd never know I was gone, 'til morning."

"Yes," said Chicago, "but what if you did? Away off here, a thousand miles from nowhere. They'd catch you before you got very far."

"A thousand miles, my foot! Why, it's only about eighteen miles west of here to Marianna on the Knoble and Helena road. I heard the Rowena Lee whistle for Walnut Bend this afternoon and I know

Thirty-nine

it can't be more'n five miles."

Chicago would not be convinced: "Suppose it is only a little way. You've got to go through woods and swamps, and there's wolves and panthers and snakes and God knows what else. No sir, I don't like it here a damn bit, but I'm not going to take any such chances as that."

The boys knew, of course, that the swamps were full of snakes, but it had never occurred to them that snakes should be regarded as a menace to life or freedom of movement. If there had ever been any wolves in that country it must have been when their grandfathers were boys. As to panthers: Well, there might be such creatures, but the boys didn't believe it.

Thinking it wasted effort to converse further with these "fraid cats," the boys lay in their bunk and held whispered consultation for several minutes, then arose and passed outside.

As a test, William walked past the line of tents and out into the road. Sure enough, he was halted by a man with a shotgun. He explained that he was a newcomer and unfamiliar with the rules, and was permitted to retire. They tried at several points, but guards seemed to be everywhere.

Foiled in their attempt at open departure, they resorted to the tactics used in stealing watermelons from a particularly cranky farmer.

Re-entering the tent, they crawled under the rear wall and wormed themselves forward on their stomachs. It was tedious and dirty work, and hard on clothing, but ten minutes time found them outside the guard line and, so they supposed, free from further interference. But, they had reckoned without Chicago.

Lacking the courage to attempt escape, filled with spiteful envy by discovering that courage in another—possibly urged on by hope of reward for treachery—Chicago hunted up a guard and reported the departure of the boys.

When they had gone a half mile or so, they heard a great commotion in the camp; men were running and shouting, lanterns were dancing about, there was an occasional revolver shot. In a few moments, there was the thud of many hoofs on the dusty road. Slipping quietly into the bushes, they let the cavalcade dash by.

They knew they could not be caught without the use of dogs; even natives could not trail them through the night; but there was sure to be a guard stationed at the ferry across the St. Francis to intercept them.

With this in mind, they cut straight through the woods and came to the river some hundred or so yards above the ferry. Quite as they expected, there was a guard, with lanterns and a camp fire.

After a time, the boys crept down close enough to hear the guards' conversation. There were three of them. One was saying: "They'll never come this way if they see this fire. Why, I wouldn't be that foolish myself."

A companion replied. "But we've got to have a fire to keep the varmints off. There's panthers and wild cats and all kinds of things in these woods."

"Shucks. I don't believe there is any such thing as a panther."

"The hell they ain't. I've heard 'em many a time. They scream just like a woman when she's scared. Folks say they do that to 'tice men under the tree where they're hid and then drap on 'em 'fore they know it."

This gave the boys an idea. After a brief talk, they parted, one going up and one down river.

Shortly, the men at the fire were startled by a terrific scream, as of a woman in great pain or fright. It appeared to come from a point a hundred yards up river. They were still discussing the probable location, when the scream was repeated from about the same distance down river.

After a pause of several minutes, the up river scream was repeated—this time within fifty yards of the fire. With one accord, the guards began to yell and discharge their guns in the direction of the noise. When they paused to reload, the down river scream was repeated—within a hundred feet of the fire.

The guards now began shooting in both directions; whirling about so fast it is a wonder they didn't shoot each other.

When they again paused to reload, James crept up behind a tree at the very edge of the road, and not twenty feet from the fire, and gave voice to the most awful scream he could devise. The guards went away from there. One of them left his shot gun.

The ferryman of course lived near by, and came to investigate the racket. The boys frankly told their story and he set them across the river. They reached Marianna in time for a late breakfast.

Trains were not frequent on the Knoble and Helena and the boys had to wait until late afternoon to catch one going north. When about to climb aboard, they were arrested by the marshal on a warrant charging them with jumping a board bill at the levee camp! Next morning, they were sentenced to ninety days, and leased to the levee contractor for thirty cents a day.

Leased prisoners were worked in a separate gang and lodged in a separate camp from the free men. They worked under heavy guard, and slept on the ground in a long tent. At night, they were made to lie down in two rows with feet almost touching. A heavy chain was stretched between the rows of feet and the left ankle of each prisoner was fastened to this chain with a bracelet made similar to a handcuff.

After a couple of days of this sort of thing, the boys were desperate enough to try any plan of escape.

Since it had been discovered that they were native to the country and, presumably, "not able to do

(Continued on page 42.)

The Crimes of Capital

By FRANK MYERS

AFTER reading in the capitalist news sheets from day to day of the crime, corruption and filth rampant everywhere, I cannot understand why the workers remain dormant and tolerate such a damnable, insane system as the one under which we are now existing.

Speaking about crime, how about the recent Teapot Dome oil scandal? And how embarrassing it must be for our hundred percenters, just before election, too!

However, none of these gentry will go to jail, for they are not among those jails are usually built for. Why, they own the jails—as well as the rest of the government machinery!

In due time the case will be nicely whitewashed and the American Legion and the other “super-patriot” organizations will conveniently forget about it and give thanks that they are living in a country run “by the people, for the people.”

These robbers of the public domain and treasury are looked upon by some as men with high ideals—good Christians and the country’s best citizens. But are they?

The recent exposures should leave no doubt in the minds of any workers as to the real character of those in the high places of our “peoples’” government. Their escapades reek to high heaven; they’re so unspeakably rotten that some of the big guys in the Senate and House have actually got scared. “The foundations of our government never received such a shock,” declared one senator in an eloquent speech.

Perhaps the exposures in the beginning were intended to belittle certain candidates in the coming election; no one can tell just what motives actuate our worthy legislators, but if that was the purpose they have overshot their mark. The first sensational scareheads in the newspapers only mentioned Republicans, but now Democrats as well are tarred with the same oily brush and irrevocably and eternally damned in the eyes of citizens who believe that government heads should be, like Caesar’s wife, “above suspicion.”

And bad as the exposures are, half of the truth will never be known. Already many newspapers are denouncing the sensationalism and declaring for its suppression. Doubtless, working on the theory that what the people don’t know will never hurt them, and feeling that they have already been wised up sufficiently.

The crimes of capitalism will never be fully revealed until the workers organize as a class and take control of industry. Until then we will never learn anything of the inner workings of “government” except, as in a case like the present one, when one gang of thieves falls out with another over the division of the spoils.

Can we really hope for anything else? Not so long as the intellectual prostitutes of the capitalist class, the distorters and suppressors of truth and makers of hysteria are the ones who disseminate information. The press is the mouthpiece of capitalism. Surely we do not expect the capitalist system to be convicted out of its own mouth. Unless, of course, when something gets away from them like the Teapot Dome scandal. It got so big they just couldn’t help telling us some of the facts. One side started it, and then in justification of their thieving actions the other side had to squawk, too.

However, the robbery exposed by the present scandal need not interest workers particularly, except as a demonstration of the truths we have been trying to point out to an unheeding world for a long time. As T-bone Slim says, “We ain’t got a cent in it!” Of course not! Stealing oil, coal and forest reserves means nothing to us. We don’t own any of these properties. The robbery we’re interested in takes place lots nearer home, right on the job, every day we toil for these thieves who, not content with exploiting us on the properties they already own, have turned their thieving talents to grabbing more properties on which to exploit us.

To those who waste their time worrying over ballots and how to elect “honest” men, Republicans, Democrats or Labor politicians to office to protect “our” public properties and promote the “public” weal, we have this advice to offer. Organize! Organize on the job! A political government, of whatever shade, color or party has no solution for the ills of an industrial nation like the United States.

Thousands of our fellow workers are maimed and crippled ever year in the industries owned by those who seek to blind and befuddle us by political parties, political slogans and other tricks of government. The lifeblood of the working class colors the tainted wealth of those who find enjoyment and recreation in planning to steal more and ever more properties on which to slay and maim more workers. But does the “government” see that the laws which they have passed to “save their faces” are enforced, does the “government,” state or national, make any attempt to save the lives of those without whom governments would be hollow farces, empty masks?

Look at the last calamity to befall the working class. Look out into the mountains of Utah and see the weeping wives and children of the 175 miners ruthlessly slaughtered by the coal barons at Castle Gate, because of failure to enforce the state mining laws. Look at the countless other mine explosions, railroad wrecks and factory fires

in which the working class has made the supreme sacrifice for the master class. Look and ponder!

The arts and tricks of government! What have they ever done for those who toil? Just what might have been expected! Nothing. And that is what the workers will get out of worrying and scheming on the political field. We have no time nor the necessary knowledge of this game to ever accomplish anything by playing it, even if, contrary to the very nature of things, anything could be accomplished that way. We are exploited on the job—there must our problems be solved!

To those not yet members of the IWW and who desire the good things of life we say this—do not scoff—investigate. You will find we are out to abolish slavery and robbery and to give to those who toil usefully by brain and brawn the full value of their product. And we do not include such steals as Teapot Dome in our idea of useful toil.

Corrupt political government such as we now have revealed to us in the present scandal is both an attribute and reflex of the inefficiency of the capitalist system. Competition has seeped beneath the structures of the industrial magnates in this case and a few bricks and chimney-pots have fallen. Their house is old and rotten; every succeeding scandal will weaken it correspondingly, destruction can only be delayed, not avoided.

And so it will be as time goes on. We can expect more of these scandals; opportunities are becoming scarcer every day and the mad scramble for the plums gets hotter all the time. And the masters won't be able to keep us in ignorance of their thievery, much as they would like to—and hard as their political puppets will try.

Modern industrialism has outgrown capitalism; no longer can a corrupt political government, which is the only kind of government capitalism can understand, administer the affairs of industrial society. International in scope it cannot be circumscribed by geographical boundaries or other superficial divisions imposed by the whim or interest of those owning or controlling the world's resources and markets. Such a fallacious scheme must be replaced by an industrial co-operative society in which all who perform useful labor, and no one else, shall receive the full benefits. Then and only then can we have real peace, real joy and real happiness.

To this end the IWW has consecrated itself and while the crimes of capital remain undicted, while robbery and persecution by our industrial masters and inquisitors continue we shall always be found in the front lines of the battle with our revolutionary banners widespread to the breeze, lifted on high so that the first rays of the dawn of Industrial Freedom may fall on their bright folds and be reflected on a world which shall know the crimes of capital no more.

SNAKES AND "SEAM-SQUIRRELS"

(Continued from page 40)

a man's work", they were kept at the task of piling brush and mowing weeds.

The guard over them was inordinately afraid of snakes, and was forever endangering the lives of his charges by shooting at everything that looked like one.

William somehow got hold of about fifty feet of small fishline. Watching his chance, he tied this line to the head of a snake the guard had killed the previous day, and drew it up along his leg, under the trousers. While picking up an armload of brush, he let the snake slide down to the ground. Marching close past the guard, he let the line unwind from his pocket. When he reached the brush pile, and appeared to be working around it, he hauled in on the line. The result was what looked to be a very determined snake, crawling straight for the guard.

That worthy let out a yell of terror and discharged both barrels of his shot gun at the advancing reptile. The instant his gun was empty, William and James were on him, and had him manacled with his own handcuffs and gagged with his own handkerchief before he knew what was happening.

Threatening to shoot the other prisoners if they gave the alarm, the boys took the gun and shells and slipped away into the swamp.

Three days later, they were at home hoeing cotton for fifty cents a day and their dinner. They wanted no more "public work", even if the wage was a dollar and a quarter, and board did include "spuds and light bread" three times a day. They sort of reckoned that sorghum and corn bread and a shirt free from "seam squirrels" was more decent—and more comfortable.

WATCH YOUR GOOSESTEP

SAN FRANCISCO.—Prof. Tully Cleon Knoles, president, College of the Pacific, had better look out for his job—he must have been reading The Goosestep. He told the Mutual Business Club here that "America is ruled by sixth-grade intellectuals," and the sixth-grade intellectuals who listened to him were not very much pleased by his speech.

* * *

San Francisco has the highest cancer death rate in the world, with 500 deaths reported in the past five years, according to a prominent physician in Newark, New Jersey, who has made a study of the disease.

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The Change is Coming

By HAL BROMMELS

FROM far and near both sage and seer
Proclaim a change in human tho't;
With active brain Toil starts to train—
Its mighty weapon's being wrot.
For Labor plans a nobler way
To live—the battle's on today!

But Greed is set on ruling yet
And vows to always run the earth;
And tho we still bow to its will
The Great New System's in its birth.
And all that fearful Mammon schemes
Will never halt Toil's trend and dreams.

The blood of men is hot again—
The years of misery bear fruit:
For Toil unites to gain its rights
And capture Mammon's store of loot.
For Greed has taken all we've made—
With tears and blood its leisure paid.

O, men, prepare to do and dare,
To make our age-long dream come true.
Our power grows, so no one knows
When Labor's flag will call on you.
Prepare—and hurl away your fears
For sure as death the New Day nears!

Darkness and Dawn

A Song of Class-War Prisoners

By RICHARD BRAZIER

THE world outside sometimes I deem
As far off as a distant star;
A vague remembrance of a dream
I dreamt in days, oh! long afar.
It seems then, that this hermitage,
Wherein we pass the endless days—
This monstrous, massive masoned cage,
Is far removed from friendly gaze,
As tho' set in some valley lone,
Amid a pestilential fen,
Where never sun or moon has shone
To reveal us to sight of men.

Yes this sad feeling fades away,
When early sun beams gild the floor
Of my dark cell, and new born day
With golden steps enters my door
And pours with dancing radiance
It's flash of light into my room,
And laughs away with merry glance
The darkness of my steel girt tomb.
And then my soul with joy is filled,
The flame of life glows bright amain;
All doubts and sad forebodings stilled,
I climb towards the heights again.



Pay For His Sacrifice

By ROAMER

His abode is a cold sombre prison
The reward of a helper of men.
While the wolves whom he sought to throttle,
They sit cozily and warm in their den.

And WE whom he sought to enlighten
Stand by as though born to condone
Victims! Yea, tools of perdition
Our lives, not to claim as our own.

Wake, Comrades! Wake! to the calling
Of the spirit no prison can hold.
A land of true men is no vision
It's a reality of hearts that are bold.

Give ear to each word that he utters,
Each thought, to his deeds of the past;
And know him, as he knows you, brother.
'Twill add cheer to his soul at the last.

He fought like a hero to free us
When our eyes were blinded with blood,
He showed us the chains we were welding
And chained we drifted down with the flood—

Nor yet, are we freed from those fetters.
Torn fragments of our brothers abound—
"Broken tools" of the master class glitter!
Our griefs and our woes to compound.

Come, let us arise—let us waken,
And gird up our loins for the fray.
Show him we're the stuff men are made of
And our debt to his suffering repay.

We could imprison enslavers of children,
And trample the breeders of hate;
Dethrone the high priests of Mammon
And "calm" the sequesterers of Fate.

Then build in the land of God's making
A real home, for all dutiful men,
And establish a brotherhood common;
"We'll have paid for his sacrifice then."

The Evolution of the Steam Valve

By BOOMER

I SAT in the bunkhouse of a logging camp close to the "Rose City" and turned an inch and a half globe valve over and over in my hand; I was thinking.

The valve was to be used on the injector steam pipe, so that when the engineer in charge wanted water in the boiler the valve could be opened, admitting the steam to force the water into the boiler, so as to make steam to be used to haul logs when the throttle was opened on the engine.

But it was not of that I was thinking. I was thinking of the large number of workers who had expended some part of their labor power to put that valve into my hands. The miners who mined the raw ore; the smeltermen who reduced the raw ore to metal; the foundrymen whose labor had worked it into the required shape; even the transportation workers, yes, even the section men who labored to keep the track in repair that the valve might eventually reach the place where it would be of real value to society. All of this was I thinking.

Yes, even the warehouse workers whose labor power had stored the valve away until it was called for to be used. But I could sit with the valve in my hand for ages and it would not be of any real value. No. It must be put in its respective place by the application of labor power; even then it would not be of use to society until labor power was applied to operate it as water was needed to generate steam. Then the logs that the engine would haul, would be loaded onto cars and sent to the mill to be cut into lengths, breadths and thicknesses, and be shipped to many parts of the world to be made into things of use to mankind. Perhaps some of the lumber would go to make a coffin for some of those who had labored to help produce the valve.

Now if anyone can prove to me that labor power does not produce all wealth I wish they would do so as I want to be set right.

Being rather versatile I have expended my labor power in many different industries; I have seen trees centuries old that stood in a dense forest, of no value to society until labor power was applied to them; I have seen food lie on the tables of restaurants and hotels unfit to eat until labor power was applied to it; I have seen the shop windows filled with clothing doing society no good until someone purchased it, a clerk wrapped it up and it was carried to a suitable place and put onto the body to be worn.

A metal valve does no service to mankind until it is used; food becomes of real value only when eaten; clothing is of value to mankind only when worn to keep the body comfortable; but labor power must be expended in the many processes that transform the raw material into the finished product, whether it be a brass valve, food, clothing, or anything else used by mankind. We can safely say that every article of use in this world is the result of the social

efforts of mankind, and if we were to try to leave out any group of the world's workers we could not then have the commodity.

One might go so far as to say that a baby is raw human material, and goes through different processes from babyhood to man, or womanhood, and finally becomes a useful member of society, and there is some labor power expended in raising a baby.

So, therefore, since labor creates all wealth; that wealth by rights belongs to those whose labor power creates it. But the ones who withhold all this wealth from labor are organized in a compact body and labor is not. The capitalist class takes all that labor produces except just enough to allow labor to exist and reproduce itself. During the last war for markets they took the finished product of thousands of mothers, i. e., young men, and slaughtered them upon the battlefields of Europe.

Now the mothers should organize so that they, too, can enjoy the fruits of their labor in the companionship of their sons when grown to manhood and the mothers are becoming old and feeble. Renew again that song, "I did not raise my boy to be a soldier"; sing it, and organize with your class, the producing class—the only useful class in society. Labor produces all wealth, all that is of use to society, labor does not get the full product of its labor, and it is the fault of labor. Because labor is not organized.

THE LIFE STORY OF A STIFF

Stiffs, By Melbourne Garahan. New York: Thos. Seltzer. \$2.

This is the autobiography of a British sailor who had to leave the mercantile marine because of bad eyesight, and who became a stiff, which in England means a philosophic tramp, high above the beggar and hooligan classes. Sometimes the author worked, at advertising-kite flying or at odd jobs; when jobless he "clicked" wherever he could—touched strangers on London streets for the price of one or more meals on the strength of a hard luck tale invented instanter.

He and other stiffs lived at a cheap hotel divided into many cubicles with just enough room for a bed and a chair. Whoever had clicked would share his funds with those who hadn't. Some of the stiffs profited by singing in public-house corridors. One of the gang, known as Cherry, inherited a fortune in Salt Lake City, and disappeared just before a reward notice for him was posted. It was Garahan who trailed him down and got the reward.

Garahan's story has humor, pathos and plausibility. Finally he climbed out of the tramp class and came to better things in Australia. He contributes to our language numerous words peculiar to the British migratory.

—Daniel Tower.



Brief Editorials



A Hold Up

The claim that business will not improve until federal taxation is changed so as to encourage it, is merely the way big business has of threatening and compelling legislation in its interests.

Any man who can read the reports of dividends paid by big business in the past ten years and then conclude that taxation interferes with it, should have his sanity examined. There is no evidence to justify such reasoning. In view of the facts, it's irrational.

The fact of the matter is, that big business wants ever more profits and then more profits still. In order to get them, it pretends it cannot prosper under present conditions and so determines to undermine them to its own ends.

In other words, big business is holding up society in order to compel submission to its exactions.

That's a way it has.

Undone By Superwisdom.

At Bayonne and Bay View, N. J., the Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey has two giant refineries; 14,000 men are employed. Recently they threatened strike for a 10 percent wage increase and representation on the board of directors in accordance with the Rockefeller plan of employees' representation. 700 employees actually went out on strike, and the matter was compromised by an increase in wages.

All this is very significant! The Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey is the most powerful of the Standard Oil groups. Its policy is one of ruthless anti-strike and anti-unionism. It advocates company unionism, employees' stock ownership, and other devices calculated to insure submission, sycophancy and servility. And here it is hoisted by its own petard, thanks to employees who actually believe what it says. Or else are so oppressed as to make revolt imperative! Who knows?

Be that as it may; their course is encouraging. Once more is big industry undone by its own superwisdom.

The Pacifist Outburst

Conditions alter circumstances. During the war hysteria, pacifism was impossible; it was on the defensive—suppressed. Militarism held sway. The iron heel forced submission, however reluctant.

But now the war hysteria is dying out. Peace prevails between the ruling nations. The various classes are considering war in accordance with their ideals—now mostly blasted because of it. They like it not.

Thus it comes that pacifism tends to put militarism

on the defensive, where before it had been in that unenviable position itself. Colleges, church conventions, and other institutions are being torn into disputatious factions, and the despairing wail of the warrior is beginning to be heard throughout the land, as a result.

In view of the modern capitalist necessity for militarism and war, nothing may come of this pacifist outburst. Nevertheless it is a good indication—a promise of more progress rather than more reaction.

The Farmer-Labor Convention.

Ex-Senator Pettigrew has written a letter to the Industrial Pioneer in order to learn if the Industrial Workers of the World will be represented at the Farmer-Labor Convention to be held in St. Paul on June 17th.

It will not. No provision has been made for such representation either by the last convention or any referendum since then.

Further, it is not likely that either a convention or a referendum would provide for such representation. The Industrial Workers of the World is primarily an economic organization. It believes in working class organization at the point of production and distribution, where labor is robbed through profit, interest and rent; and where all power, including political power, primarily resides.

The Industrial Workers of the World seeks, through industrial union organization, to concentrate working class attention and activity solely on this, the most vital point in the social organism, convinced that the class that rules economically rules politically as well.

WHAT I REMEMBER OF DOCKLAND

The barefooted children, playing in the alleys, who laughed but were not happy.

The swing bridges at the dock entrances.

The unceasing and deafening noise of the traffic on the granite roads.

The continual rattle of the cranes.

The groups of men at the wharf gates waiting to be taken on.

The rush of these men when a voice boomed from the warehouse.

The fewness of those that were taken on.

The stolid resignation of those that were missed.

The whitewashed doorsteps.

The frequent outbreaks of fire.

The impure atmosphere, scented with the smell of spices, liquors, and rotted fruit.—GORDON HOSKING, in the London Daily Herald.

A Message to the IWW

By COVINGTON AMI

NEVER before in its history did the IWW ever stand face to face with a greater opportunity than it does today.

Everywhere the masses, sickened and sore with the treas-
ons and inefficiency of politicians, are ready to hear the message
of Industrial Democracy if only it is told to them in language they
can understand.

Everywhere capitalism is fast rotting into ruin and everywhere
the opportunity to overcome it is in Labor's hands if only the
teachers of Labor will cease their infantile talk about the "destruc-
tion of civilization," and, instead, cry from the housetops: "Work-
ers of the World, Behold, the New Age is at hand! Never before
in time was a Grander Day in sight, never was there so much of
life, wealth, liberty and pursuit of happiness before you, O Labor,
for the simple reaching out and taking!"

Let this be the message from now on, for verily, verily, I say
unto YOU, CIVILIZATION is NOT PERISHING! It has hardly
yet begun. All that is now happening is that the last great SLAVE
SYSTEM is wrecking itself and making the way clear for a mightier
civilization, a more splendid freedom than Man has ever known!

Into this New Order it is the IWW's privilege to lead the way
if only its young men and women so WILL it, for the field is wide
open to them. Everywhere the Elder Statesmen of the Unions have
practically ceased all efforts at organizing the workers on the eco-
nomic field and are all busy wasting their time and the unions'
funds playing petty politics, while the workers cry for **leadership**.

Young men and women of the IWW, THIS IS YOUR great
opportunity! Seize it! Go to the Lumber, Steel, Automobile
and all unorganized, unskilled and semi-skilled workers with the
message of THE ONLY UNION that can bring the hope for BREAD
and FREEDOM! Center ALL your strength on THESE! Do it
NOW, today, crying, "Behold! the boundless wealth, material and
spiritual, O Workers, that is yours if ye WILL!" and you will
win them and the age-long fight!